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John Dewey on the League of Nations

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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A FORTNIGHTLY

The Approach to a League of Nations

IN OFFICIAL communications regarding the war, the phrase "Associated Governments" frequently occurs. The mere fact that the United States is not technically an Allied Government is doubtless the reason for the use of the phrase. It does not however take a forced interpretation to find something significant in the term. "Allies" is filled with implications of union for offense and defense. It is charged with the militaristic significance of the old order; it conveys precisely that which the foreign policy of the United States has always avoided. For we have never been the "Ally" of any power. The term "Associated" suggests, on the contrary, the new order. It suggests union for the sake of common ends and interests. Although military necessity gave it birth, its overtones are of the modern world of industry and commerce—of voluntary cooperation among equals to attain results which concern all alike.

The contrasting phrases may be used to indicate the two approaches to the future League of Nations, one rooting in political needs, the other in economic necessities. The older conception was not only an expression of purely political traditions, but these traditions were inseparably connected with those military considerations which are the inevitable outgrowth of a world of independent sovereign states whose sole official combinations with one another must perforce be directed, defensively or offensively, against some other combination of states. Not even Mr. Roosevelt has ever said anything harsh enough about the delusions of those who would cultivate unpreparedness for war in a political world so constituted that the sole legally integrating factor among different nations is combination with respect to war. The earlier conception of a League of Nations as an arrangement whose main, if not sole, purpose was to "enforce peace" exhibits the same preoccupation, the same belated ideas.

Those who are skeptical about the possibility of a League of Nations, those who dwell upon all the difficulties which have to be met, generally carry over into their discussions legal-mindedness which reflects the old military-political system. And many of those who argue for it still ignore all the lessons of the war and revert to the notion of a combination

whose chief trait would be an extension of the old Hague Tribunal, provision for legal arbitrament plus agencies of conciliation, and, when needed, for enforcement of decisions by combined arms against a recalcitrant state. Yet if the war has made anything clear it is that such a scheme deals with effects not causes, symptoms not forces; that it is negative not constructive, and doomed to fail at some critical moment when most needed. The real problem is one of organization for more effective human association and intercourse. The newer politics signify the social mind carried into questions of human relationships, while the older politics meant the formulations of the legal mind concerned with defense and litigation. Every statesman of the world today, every political thinker, can be categorically placed according as his plans and ideas are formed primarily in the negative terms of protection against opposition and threatening danger, or in the positive terms of association for realization of common interests. Every passing day (and every passing year of the future) will make it clear that what distinguishes President Wilson from the other statesmen of the epoch is his prompt recognition that, given the conditions of modern life, no adequate defense and protection of the interests of peace can be found except in a policy based upon positive cooperation for interests which are so universal as to be mutual.

This means that a system of ideas and activities which expresses contemporary industry and commerce is being substituted for the ancient system which ignored and despised business and magnified the ethics and politics of dignity, honor, aggression, and defense. It is no accident that the formulation of the new order came from this country, which by the fortune of history and geography escaped most completely from the ethics of maintaining a status of established dignity, and which has committed itself most completely to the ethics of industry and exchange. President Wilson's propositions have commended themselves to the average American as a simple and almost matter of course, although unusually eloquent, statement of the very axioms of our own life. Only courtesy, the urgent need for American assistance, and a slowly growing perception of the essential truth of what he says

—a perception largely compelled by the increasing influence of industrial workers in the older countries—have veiled their alien and “idealistic” character in the European countries. For the latter are controlled by the older ideas of personal alliance, instead of by the newer ideas of association in common activities.

A League of Nations whose main purpose is to enforce peace by an extension of legal mechanisms of controversy and litigation is idealistic and academic. It would work in periods of recuperation and quiescence; it would break down, in all probability, when confronted with problems of national expansion and a redistribution of the centers of effective power. Taken by itself, it represents simply a consecration of the politics of the particular balance of power which obtains at a given time. But an organization of nations which grew out of common everyday necessities, and which operated to meet the commonplace needs of everyday life with respect to food, labor, securing raw materials for the reparation of a devastated world, and so on—an organization which grew out of wants and met them would, once formed, become so indispensable that speedily no one could imagine the world getting on without it. It would go of itself; it would possess the only final sanction of any human institution—satisfaction of acknowledged needs and furtherance of urgent interests. It would generate in time any legal and political formulations and mechanisms which were needed to take care of the controversies and conflicts of interest that would still arise. But there is all the difference in the world between a system of courts, laws, decisions, and coercive enforcements which rests upon an organized system of wants and satisfactions, and which gives that system added security, and a system which, taking no constructive care for common interests, spasmodically attempts to keep peace by bringing into play legal devices.

It is a commonplace that the present war has revealed the primacy of economic and industrial concerns in even military affairs. It is not so frequently observed that it is this primacy which has already brought into being a League of Nations of a type not contemplated by those who have urged one on legal grounds. Every day the “Associated Governments” are dealing with questions of the distribution of shipping, raw materials, food, money and credit, and so on. Nobody who thinks believes that these problems will be less pressing after peace. On the contrary, they will become more urgent in some respects. For there will be the danger of a disastrous competition among nations now compelled by war exigencies into a coalescence. New problems of the distribution of labor, immigration, production for exportation will emerge. To annihilate or reduce the agencies of international regulation which already exist would be an act of incredible wantonness. Not to stabilize and expand their scope would be one of almost incredible stupidity. But given such an agency of international regulation, defined and authorized by the Peace Conference itself, and there exists in effect a new and international type of government. Can anyone believe that once such an agency were in existence it would not inevitably tend to be employed for all sorts of new purposes not expressly contemplated in its original constitution? Its very utility for recognized needs would render it natural to enlarge its functions to deal with future perplexities of international import. A Hague Tribunal, a legal ordering of international disputes, growing out of and depending upon an international organization of the positive and constructive sort, would not be spasmodic, negative, artificial, and in important matters always too late. It would play the same constant role which domestic courts play in internal conflict of interests.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Lost Singer

In the olive Orient,
Up and down Jerusalem streets
He sang his poems.

She who lived in Magdala,
Fishermen of Galilee,
Blind and poor from Jericho,
Lepers out of Bethany,
Children, scholars, thieves—
What a motley crew
Loved the singing Jew!

Now the bayonet is there,
And the gun—
Maybe on the very corner where they met
And the sun
Looks down upon the smoke.
Saladin is in the dust,
Richard camps on Olivet.

Where are halo, thorn, and staff,
That cloak like Himalayan snow?

SCUDDER MIDDLETON.

The Economic Guarantees of Peace

To SECURE the kind of guarantees that will assure a stable peace must become labor's immediate pre-occupation. This means that the working-class parties must study the existing structure of international relations to discover two things: first, upon what problems necessity dictates cooperation among the nations, either because of actual deficits in the world's supply of provisions or because of the palpable inefficiency, gross waste, and expense of a world system of competitive industry; and second, what types of international organization already exist to cope with these difficult matters. Only with these facts in view will the nations be prepared to answer the great question: What shall the League of Nations do to make the keeping of peace not merely desirable but absolutely essential to the livelihood of each member of the League?

In order to show, before attempting an answer to these questions, that labor has already grasped the idea of necessity plus common sense as the only effective basis of world organization, it is only necessary to refer to the Inter-Allied Labor War Aims. In pointing out the likelihood of a wheat shortage after the war, this document declares that "systematic arrangement, on an international basis, of the distribution of the world's foodstuffs is *imperative in order to prevent the most serious hardship and even possible famine in one country after another.*" (Italics mine.) Recognition of world-wide self-interests as the driving force in the creation of world organization could hardly be more explicit; and this recognition gives practical value to a further review of the progress of international action during the war. The relation of this review to the possibility of permanent peace proposals will be most clear if we consider in turn the several problems over which international dealings in the past have caused trouble and even warfare. These problems are (1) the purchase of raw materials, (2) the sale of goods into foreign markets, (3) the sale of credit in foreign lands, (4) the export of capital for developments in foreign lands by foreign capitalists, and (5) the movements of population between countries caused by varying living and working standards. Confining ourselves here to the first four of these problems, let us see to what extent existing efforts to meet them suggest a method for peace-time treatment.

The war has forced the extension of purchasing between the Allied nations to a tremendous scale. In order to secure adequate supplies of all sorts of commodities from peas to potash, the several gov-

ernments have themselves taken over much of the buying. As Mr. Hoover pointed out in a recent address, "the European governments have been compelled to undertake the purchase of their supplies both for civil and military purposes. There has grown up an enormous consolidation of buying for 120,000,000 European people, a phenomenon never before witnessed in the economic history of the world." In order that there should be no competitive bidding in this gigantic buying enterprise the Allied countries have undertaken to fix prices on certain articles; and these prices are effective in this country not only for the buyers from foreign governments but for domestic buyers as well. "We find ourselves," says Mr. Hoover, "in the presence of a gigantic monopoly of buying, just as potent for good or evil as any monopoly in selling, and in many instances either making or influencing prices. Therefore, not through any theory, but through actual physical fact, the price made by this gigantic buyer dominates the market."

The purpose of this control is to secure a distribution on a basis of prior need and fair price—to supply essential goods to the Allied countries at a cost not inflated by profiteering. To accomplish this the Allies have created a number of Inter-Allied Purchasing Commissions under the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement. On one or another of these commissions nine of the nations are represented; and they have negotiated and fixed prices for at least twenty-five indispensable war commodities. In this country, as special agencies of this organization, there are the Allied Provisions Export Commission and the commission for the purchase of munitions. In each case the members of these commissions buy only after conference with this country, in order that the price and the distribution of supplies may be fair to all.

Obviously this sort of international dealing about goods and price fixing involves within each country a considerable degree of control over industry. Price fixing and commandeering of supplies become more and more frequent, until it is hard to appreciate how widely the net of governmental control is now spread. It is facts of this sort which prompt the British Labor Party to urge:

We ought not to throw away the valuable experience now gained by the government in its assumption of the importation of wheat, wool, metals, and other commodities, and in its control of the shipping, woolen, leather, clothing, boot and shoe, milling, baking, butchering, and other industries. The Labor Party would think twice before it sanctioned any abandonment of the present profitable cen-

tralization of purchase of raw material; of the present carefully organized "rationing," by joint committees of the trades concerned, of the several establishments with the materials they require; of the present elaborate system of "costing" and public audit of manufacturers' accounts; of the present salutary publicity of manufacturing processes and expenses thereby ensured; and on the information thus obtained . . . of the present rigid price fixing.

And in our country, to make permanent the present degree of coordinated action and public regulation, the people will have to demand the retention of the War Industries Board and the extension of the powers of the Federal Trade Commission. The practicability of controlling large scale purchase in the public interest has been established beyond dispute, complicated though the problem is. We know that each commodity has its distinct problems; must be treated as a separate, although related, factor. We know that enormous savings can be effected if, instead of requiring each great national purchaser of coal or cotton, of locomotives, steel rails, shoes, or beef to go into the open market and pay what he must, we set up joint agencies of purchase and price fixing. Only in this way can distribution take place without extortionate profiteering and with a closer correspondence between the amount of supplies and their fair apportionment in relation to needs.

The fact that the raw materials and goods concerning which there have been international negotiations are for war purposes, in no way weakens the case for the continuance of such control when the war ends. There will after the war be the same need for conference and agreement upon the fair allocation of raw stuffs that there is today. The need in the future, as now, will be created by a desire for equally fair treatment for all members of the society of nations; by a desire for a fair price for all purchasers; by a desire to eliminate contention over the amount and the cost of raw stuffs that shall be sold and removed not only out of the countries now industrially developed but out of the "backward" countries as well. Whether the governments continue to be the principal purchasers or whether this function reverts to large private corporations, the nations can, if they will, continue to control the extractive industries for social ends. They can with the same effectiveness as at present, and with equally beneficial results in removing causes of international controversy, see to it, for example, that Germany has access to coal and iron, Great Britain to wheat and cotton, Japan to iron and cotton. When we remember the extent to which the Central Powers have been cut off from sources of raw materials, it is easy to picture the desperate attempt that will be made—is already being made—by capitalists in all the industrial nations to get the fullest possible share

of these materials wherever they are to be found. And this attempt will produce nothing but confusion and more bitterness if the peace terms or the administrative machinery of the League of Nations provide no formal international apportionment of universally needed goods.

The problems that surround the sale of goods in the markets of the world have an international interest for selling agents and workers alike. The selling organization must be assured of protection to trade-marks and patents, of favorable financial relations among the nations, of access to markets on equal terms with salesmen of all other countries. The workers demand assurance that goods are not being exported when they are needed at home, and that markets are not being forced in a way that puts an artificial pressure on them for "cheap labor." The workers are opposed to any invidious "trade warfare." Yet all the indications point to the renewal and development of competitive selling on a larger scale than ever before. In England the British Export Corporation and the British Empire Producers' organization are only two of the great agencies planning to push English trade after the war. In Germany the Imperial Ministry of Economics has established the Export Trades Company, Ltd., "the purpose of which will be to revive the export business in enemy countries." And an Imperial Commission for the Transition is, according to The London Post, "engaged in collecting statistics about supplies of raw material and in making estimates of the requirements in these by German industries."

In our own country there has been no less activity. The passage of the Webb Export Trade Bill has legalized exporters' associations in which the manufacturers of any article can join to unite in foreign sales campaigns. "International" corporations, created to sell goods and credit and to export capital, are commanding some of the most able brains in the country. The National Foreign Trade Council had an impressive and enthusiastic convention in April and no national trade association meets this year without discussing at length its plans for "after the war." Of itself this further trade expansion is no cause for regret or anxiety. The more intensive becomes the world's economic interdependence, the more reluctantly will any nation draw out from it and into the unendurable isolation which war inevitably imposes. Nevertheless the aggressive efforts for markets will give rise to delicate situations, and strained relations, even if all the doors of the world's ports are flung wide open. Opportunity for conference and adjustment between representatives of the trading nations is essential if the world is to hold

even remotely to labor's demand for the development of each nation's resources "for the benefit not only of its own people, but also of the world." There must, in obedience to this dictate, be some world control of export, some supernational decision as to the limits beyond which the cultivation of markets shall not be pressed. And there is evidently need for another Berne Trade-Mark Convention to settle upon further protective measures in regard to trademarks and patents.

A further example of the way in which a common need points the way to a common organization is afforded in the gold exchange situation, which becomes greatly complicated as the volume of trade increases in every direction. Speaking in Cincinnati, Mr. C. E. McQuire of the International High Commission said that commercial relations could be effectively promoted by administrative agreements in regulation of financial transactions:

The Central Executive Council (of the Commission) undertook to furnish a basis for a treaty providing for an international gold clearance fund. . . . Thereby any gold transactions may be expeditiously and inexpensively settled without the actual transportation of gold. This draft treaty is under consideration in a number of countries and in one has reached the preliminary stages of negotiation.

That mutually satisfactory relations among the nations also demand some regulation of shipping is becoming increasingly clear. For war purposes the Inter-Allied Shipping Committee is allocating tonnage, both neutral and Allied, to the various countries, and by this dictation is automatically regulating the kind and amount of export and import between the nations. Yet in addition to this we have an elaborate system of licensing all exports from the United States, and there is a growing list of embargoed imports. All of which is undertaken with special and immediate ends in view; but it is of no little value for us to realize that these several agencies of public control may all be pointing toward some method of after-war world regulation of exports, selling agencies, and shipping sold goods.

Nor can we be blind in this situation to the critical part that tariffs may play in upsetting the normal course of commodity exchange. The elaboration of preferential and reciprocal tariffs can obviously work great mischief in the world trade situation; can, and probably will, keep alive animosities that need no fostering. To the solution of the tariff problem America should come with humility. We have never been able to set our own house in order in these matters. Yet we have made a beginning; we have a Tariff Commission, purely advisory in function to be sure, whose duty it is to know the difference between costs at home and abroad. Why

not go this idea one better and create a World Tariff Commission to which the whole subject shall be turned over for study, pending the results of which no preferential tariffs shall be instituted without the approval of all the nations?

It is when we come to consider the sale of credit and the export of capital, however, that we see the major occasion for a conflict of interest—whether among the capitalists of the several nations or among the nations themselves it is hard to say. The adjustment of spheres of influence and investment areas has carried with it in the past either a parade of force or a commencement of hostilities. Yet far from contemplating any withdrawal from these areas after the war, the financiers who play the game on a world scale are planning greater enterprises than ever. Their source of greatest profit is not the sale of goods but the sale of credit—or in its latest phases the sale of goods on terms that require the purchase of credit to finance the purchase of goods. And it is this organized source of profit derived from a close interrelation of the sale of goods and credit which will be abandoned with greatest reluctance and with the fiercest opposition.

Moreover there are inexorable forces in England and America which require the export of surplus capital to develop every sort of industry in communities economically less mature and productive. In the absence of control over export of American capital, its owners are almost sure to find greater profit in industry abroad than at home. Every increase in income taxes, the retention of the excess profits tax, every wage increase—these will all tend to lessen profit at home in comparison to that obtainable in countries exercising little regulation. The extended flow of capital abroad will tend to keep the rate of interest up at home—which will add to the overhead burden on the workers. Yet if the opposite course is pursued the same result will obtain. Without domestic regulation capital will make big returns; it will not squander the entire surplus in luxuries; it will turn to foreign countries for further chances of investment. Whatever we do at home, the export of capital promises to continue on a greater and greater scale. There is only one way to secure protection for the public interest in this situation. We should control the export of capital and control the terms of its use in other countries. That both of these things can be done is one of the things we have learned from the war. Our War Finance Corporation will have considerable influence in determining the direction of the flow of capital; and American control of the German investments in this country has already demonstrated possibilities in regulating the use of "alien" capital in a

foreign country. To undertake these two jobs on a supernational scale will be a colossal enterprise—but *it is the enterprise above all others which will promote international harmony*. After the war the fiscal problems of the world will in the public interest demand handling democratically and “in the grand manner.”

I am dealing here in almost cursory fashion with problems of literally staggering size. Let no one minimize the seriousness of any undertaking which contemplates the building up of international government. Yet the world can obviously proceed no faster than we can get our minds around these problems. It is this fact which supplies a legitimate excuse for oversimplification. The difficulties are unquestionably amazing in their complexity, baffling in their interrelation, and appalling in their magni-

tude. But this very fact supplies the best possible reason for the sort of pluralistic treatment I have been giving the subject of world organization. I am advocating functional organization; and this means the consideration of problems singly, each upon its merits and in relation to vital needs. The less wieldy absolutes—the League of Nations, the World Parliament—assume under realistic analysis a more practical form. They frighten us less with their vague enormity. The world becomes broken up into the many aspects it really has. And as we view the growth of concrete and going international bodies during the war, we realize that world forces are capable of manipulation and control. We begin to see that labor’s insistence upon guarantees of permanent peace may be less Utopian than they appear.

ORDWAY TEAD.

The Technique of Polyphonic Prose

MISS LOWELL can always be delightfully counted upon to furnish us with something of a literary novelty. She has a genius for vivifying theory. No sooner, for example, had she uttered the words “Free verse!” (which previously in the mouth of Mr. Pound had left us cold) than we closed about them as a crowd closes upon an accident, in a passion of curiosity; and if ultimately some of us were a little disappointed with the theory more shrewdly inspected, we could be thankful at least that it had left us Miss Lowell’s poems. So now, with the publication of *Can Grande’s Castle* (Macmillan; \$1.50)—“four modern epics,” as the publishers term them—Miss Lowell bids fair to stampede us anew under the banner of “polyphonic prose.” This is an astonishing book; never was Miss Lowell’s sheer energy of mind more in evidence. Viewed simply as a piece of verbal craftsmanship it is a sort of Roget’s Thesaurus of color. Viewed as a piece of historical reconstruction it is a remarkable feat of documentation, particularly the longest of the “epics,” the story of the bronze horses of San Marco. Viewed as poetry, or prose, or polyphonic prose—or let us say, for caution’s sake, as literature—well, that is another question. It is a tribute to Miss Lowell’s fecundity of mind that one must react to her four prose-poems in so great a variety of ways.

Miss Lowell has always been outspokenly a champion of the theory that a large part of an artist’s equipment is hard work, patient and unimpassioned craftsmanship. This is true, and Miss Lowell’s own poetry can always be counted upon to display, within

its known and unchangeable limitations, a verbal, esthetic, and even a metrical craftsmanship of a high order. Whether viewed technically or not, her work is always, and particularly to an artist, intriguing and suggestive: this much one can safely say in advance. When we begin however to assume towards her work that attitude which consists in an attempt to see the contemporary as, later, through the perspective of time, it will appear to posterity, we change our ground somewhat. Novelty must be discounted; and exquisite tool-work must be seen not as if through the microscope but in its properly ancillary position as a contributing element in the artist’s total success or failure. This is in effect to judge as we can of the artist’s sensibility and mental character—not an easy thing to do. The judge must set over the walls of his own personality. Fortunately esthetic judgment is not entirely solipsistic, but is in part guided by certain esthetic laws, vague but none the less real.

Miss Lowell asserts in her preface that polyphonic prose is not an order of prose. Let us not quarrel with her on this point. The important questions are: first, its possible effectiveness as an art form; and second, its effectiveness as employed through the temperament of Miss Lowell. She says:

Metrical verse has one set of laws, cadenced verse another, polyphonic prose can go from one to the other in the same poem with no sense of incongruity. Its only touchstone is the taste and feeling of its author... Yet like all other artistic forms, it has certain fundamental

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WAY TEAD.

principles, and the chief of these is an insistence on the absolute adequacy of a passage to the thought it embodies. Taste is therefore its determining factor; taste and a rhythmic ear.

But all this is merely equivalent to saying that any expression of the artist is inevitably self-expression, "as if one threw the nerves in patterns on a screen." The real touchstone of a work of art is not, ultimately, the taste or feeling of the author (a singularly unreliable judge) but the degree to which it "gets across," as they say of the drama, to, let us say, an intelligent audience.

And here one may properly question whether in their totality Miss Lowell's prose-poems quite "get across." They are brilliant, in the esthetic sense; they are amazingly rich and frequently delightful in incident; they are unflaggingly visualized; they are, in a manner, triumphs of coordination. And yet, they do not quite come off. Why is this? Is it the fault of Miss Lowell or of the form? A little of each; and the reasons are many. Of the more obvious sort is the simple but deadly fact that without exception these four prose-poems are too long. Not too long in an absolute sense, for that would be ridiculous, but too long, first, in relation to the amount and nature of the narrative element in them, and second, in relation to the manner, or style, in which they are written. Parallels are not easy to find; but one can perhaps not outrageously adduce Flaubert's *Herodias* and *Salambo* as examples of success in what is very much the same, not form, but tone of art. Miss Lowell, like Flaubert, attempts a very vivid and heavily laden reconstruction of striking historical events. No item is too small to be re-created for its effect in producing a living and sensuous verity. But there are two important differences. In Flaubert this living sensuousness is nearly always subordinated to the narrative, is indeed merely the background for it; whereas for Miss Lowell this sensuous reconstruction is perhaps the main intention. And furthermore, whereas Flaubert employed a prose of which the chief purpose was that it should be unobtrusively a vehicle, Miss Lowell employs a prose bristlingly self-conscious, of which an important purpose is stylistic and coloristic brilliance.

The defects that arise from these two differences are very serious. They combine to rob Miss Lowell of the fruits to which sheer adroitness of craftsmanship might otherwise have entitled her. Put briefly, these poems are over descriptive. When one considers their length, the narrative element is much too slight; and not only that, it is too disjointed. Narrative description, even though able, is not enough. In *Sea-Blue* and *Blood-Red* Miss Lowell

introduces a really narrative theme—narrative, that is, in the sense that it involves real *dramatis personae*, in the persons of Nelson and Lady Hamilton—and in consequence the reader's interest is a good deal better held. It would be still better held however if the protagonists had been conceived less as gaudily sheathed mannequins, gesticulating feverishly in a whirl of colored lights and confetti, and more as human beings. It is intended to show them as puppets, of course, but that effect would hardly have been diminished by making them psychologically more appealing. In *Hedge Island*, *Guns as Keys*, and *Bronze Horses* the unifying themes are still more tenuous: the supersession of the stagecoach by the train, Commodore Perry's voyage to Japan, the travels of the four horses of San Marco. All of them are acute studies of societal change. One feels in all of them the impressiveness of the conception, but in the actual execution the impressiveness has partially escaped. One is, in fact, less often impressed than fatigued.

And this fatigue, as above intimated, is due not merely to the lack of humanly interesting narrative (as would be added by the introduction of a character or group of characters who should enlist our sympathies throughout) but also to the nature of the style which Miss Lowell uses. For here Miss Lowell, led astray by love of experiment, has made, in the opinion of the present reviewer, a series of fundamental errors. The style she has chosen to use, whether regarded with a view to rhythm or to color-distribution, is essentially pointillistic. Now Miss Lowell should have known that the pointillistic style is, in literature, suited only to very brief movements. A short poem based on this method may be brilliantly successful; Miss Lowell has herself proved it. A long poem based on this method, even though sustainedly brilliant, and perhaps in direct ratio to its brilliance, almost inevitably becomes dull. In her preface Miss Lowell says that she has taken for the basis of her rhythm the long cadence of oratorical prose. In this however she is mistaken. She has an inveterate and profoundly temperamental and hence perhaps unalterable addiction to a short, ejaculatory, and abrupt style—a style indeed of which the most striking merits and defects are its vigorous curttness and its almost total lack of curve and grace. This is true of her work whether in metrical verse, free verse, or prose; it is as true of *The Cremona Violin* as of *The Bombardment*. This style, obviously, is ideal for a moment of rapid action or extreme emotional intensity. But its effect when used *passim* is not only fatiguing, it is actually irritating. Its pace is too often out of all proportion to the pace of the action. One feels like a horse who is at the

same time whipped up and reined in. The restlessness is perpetual, there is no hope of relaxation or ease, and one longs in vain for a slowing down of the movement, an expansion of it into longer and more languid waves. One longs, too, for that delicious sublimation of tranquillity and pause which comes of a beautiful transition from the exclamatory to the contemplative, from the rigidly angular to the musically curved.

This misapplication of style to theme manifests itself as clearly on the narrowly esthetic plane as on the rhythmic. Here again one sees a misuse of pointillism, for Miss Lowell splashes too much color, uses color and vivid image too unrestrainedly and too much at the same pitch of intensity. The result is that the rate of esthetic fatigue on the reader's part is relatively rapid. So persistent is Miss Lowell's coloristic attitude, so nearly unvaried is her habit of presenting people, things, and events in terms of color alone, that presently she has reduced one to a state of color blindness. Image kills image, hue obliterates hue, one page erases another. And when this point has been reached one realizes that Miss Lowell's polyphonic prose has little else to offer. Its sole *raison d'être* is its vividness.

One wonders, indeed, whether Miss Lowell has not overestimated the possibilities of this form. It is precisely at those points where polyphonic prose is more self-conscious or artificial than ordinary prose—where it introduces an excess of rhyme, assonance, and alliteration—that it is most markedly inferior to it. Theory to the contrary, these shifts from prose to winged prose or verse are often so abrupt as to be incongruous and disturbing. But disturbance as an element in esthetic attack should be subordinate, not dominant—the exception, not the rule. Miss Lowell's polyphonic prose is a perpetual

furor of disturbance, both of thought and of style. Again, refrain should be sparingly used, adroitly varied and concealed; and the counterpoint of thought, if it is not to become monotonous, must be a good deal subtler than it is, for instance, in *Bronze Horses*. All these artifices are used to excess, and the upshot is a style of which the most salient characteristic is exuberance without charm. "Taste" and "rhythmic ear" too frequently fail. And one is merely amused when one encounters a passage like the following:

Such a pounding, pummelling, pitching, pointing, piercing, pushing, pelting, poking, panting, punching, parrying, pulling, prodding, puking, piling, passing, you never did see.

It is hard to regard this as anything but tyronism.

These are the main features of the artistic incompleteness of *Can Grande's Castle*. One could analyze it further, of course—one thinks, for example, of Miss Lowell's habit, when tempted to use a simile, of comparing the larger thing to the smaller, as the sea or the sky to a flower; the effect of which is not at all what is intended, and very unpleasant. A simile may be successful in point of color, and yet fail because of its ineptitude on another plane, as by suggesting rigidity when liquidity is desired, or minuteness when it is desired to suggest spaciousness. But this is elementary, a minor point, and it is time to return to our starting place, and to reiterate what has perhaps in this prolonged analysis been lost sight of; namely, that even what is relatively a failure in Miss Lowell is none the less brilliant, and would suffice to make the reputation of a lesser poet. *Can Grande's Castle* is a remarkable book, a book which everyone interested in the direction of contemporary poetry should read, whether for its own sake or for its value as the test of a new form of art.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Vision

What do you see, Child of the Sun?
I see a race that is just begun.

Why are your eyes so full of light?
Because I come from pools of night.

What did you see beneath the waves?
I saw a world of weeping slaves.

Was that a reason for delight?
It was through this that I gained sight.

What do you see, now you are free?
I see the world that is to be.

*As each wave rose, I saw a crown
By eager upstretched hands pulled down;*

*As each crown sank, confused cries
And tempest thunders tore the skies.*

*Where the green wave had reared its head
Were pools of crimson blood instead;*

*But from each blood-encrusted wave
Uprose a spirit, shining, brave;*

*The joy of peace was in his eyes,
His wings were shot with changing dyes;*

*And in his wake the waters ran
And made a pathway for each man—*

*Each man and all that are to be,
No longer bound, but glad and free.*

ALICE CORBIN.

The Modern Point of View and the New Order

II.

THE STABILITY OF LAW AND CUSTOM

IN SO FAR as concerns the present question, that is to say, as regards those standards and principles which underlie the established system of law and custom, the modern point of view was stabilized and given a definitive formulation in the eighteenth century; and in so far as concerns the subsequent conduct of practical affairs, its constituent principles have stood over without material change or revision since that time. So that for practical purposes it is fair to say that the modern point of view is now some one hundred and fifty years old. It will not do to say that it is that much behind the times, because its timeworn standards of truth and validity are a very material factor in the make-up of that established scheme of things which is commonly spoken of as "our time." That such is the case is due in great part to the fact that this body of principles was stabilized at that time and has therefore stood over intact, in spite of other changes that have taken place. It is only that the principles which had been proved and found good under the conditions of life in the modern era up to that time were at that time held fast, canvassed, defined, approved, and stabilized by being reduced to documentary form. In some sense they became the written constitution of civilized society from that time forth, and so became inflexible, after the fashion of written constitutions.

In the sight of those generations who so achieved the definite acceptance of these enlightened modern principles, and who finally made good their formal installation as self-balanced canons of human conduct, the principles which they so arrived at had all the sanction of Natural Law—impersonal, dispassionate, indefeasible, and immutable; fundamentally and eternally right and good. That generation of men held "these truths to be self-evident"; and they have continued so to be held since that epoch by all those people who make up the effectual body of modern civilization. And the backward peoples, those others who have since then been coming into line and making their claim to a place in the scheme of modern life, have also successively been accepting and (passably) assimilating the same enlightened principles of clean and honest living. Christendom, as a going concern of civilized peoples, has continued to regulate its affairs by the help of these principles, as being a competent formulation of the aspirations of civilized mankind. So that these modern principles of the eighteenth century, stabilized in docu-

mentary form, have stood over in immutable perfection until our time—a monument more enduring than brass.

These principles are of the nature of habits of thought; and it is the nature of habits of thought forever to shift and change in response to the changing impact of experience, since they are creatures of habituation. But inasmuch as they have once been stabilized in a thoroughly competent fashion in the eighteenth century, and have been drafted into finished documentary form, they have been enabled to stand over unimpaired into the present with all that stability that a well devised documentary formulation will give. It is true, so far as regards the conditions of civilized life during the interval that has passed since these modern principles of law and custom took on their settled shape in the eighteenth century, it has been a period of unexampled change—swift, varied, profound, and extensive, beyond example. And it follows of necessity that the principles of conduct which were approved and stabilized in the eighteenth century, under the driving exigencies of that age, have not altogether escaped the complications of changing circumstances. They have at least come in for some shrewd interpretation in the course of the nineteenth century. There have been refinements of definition, extensions of application, scrutiny and exposition of implications, as new exigencies have arisen and the established canons have been required to cover unforeseen contingencies; but it has all been done with the explicit reservation that no material innovation shall be allowed to touch the legacy of modern principles handed down from the eighteenth century, and that the vital system of Natural Rights installed in the eighteenth century must not be deranged at any point or at any cost.

It is scarcely necessary to describe this modern system of principles that still continues to govern human intercourse among the civilized peoples, or to attempt an exposition of its constituent articles. It is all to be had in exemplary form, ably incorporated in such familiar documents as the American Declaration of Independence, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, and the American Constitution; and it is all to be found set forth with all the circumstance of philosophical and juristic scholarship in the best work of such writers as John Locke, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, or Blackstone. It has

all been sufficiently canvassed, through all its dips, spurs, and angles, by the most competent authorities, who have brought their best will and their best abilities to bear on its elucidation at every point, with full documentation. Besides which, there is no need of recondite exposition for the present purpose, since all that is required by the present argument is such a degree of information on these matters as is familiar to English-speaking persons by common notoriety.

At the same time it may be to the purpose to call to mind that this secular profession of faith enters creatively into that established order of things which has now fallen into a state of havoc because it does not meet the requirements of the new order. This modern plan specifically makes place for certain untoward rights, perquisites, and disabilities which have in the course of time and shifting circumstance become incompatible with continued peace on earth and good-will among men.

There are two main counts included in this modern—eighteenth century—plan which appear unremittingly to make for discomfort and dissension under the conditions offered by the New Order of things: national ambition, and the vested interests of ownership. Neither of the two need be condemned as being intrinsically mischievous. Indeed, it may be true, as has often been argued, that both have served a good purpose in their due time and place; at least there is no need of arguing the contrary. Both belong in the settled order of civilized life; and both alike are countenanced by those principles of truth, equity, and validity that go to make up the modern point of view. It is only that now, as things have been turning during the later one hundred years, both of these have come to yield a net return of hardship and ill-will for all those peoples who have bound up their fortunes with that kind of enterprise. The case might be stated to this effect, that the fault lies not in the nature of these untoward institutions, nor in those principles of self-help which underlie them, but in those latter-day facts which stubbornly refuse to fall into such lines as these forms of human enterprise require for their perfect and beneficent working. The facts, particularly the facts of industry and science, have outrun the provisions of law and custom; and so the scheme of things has got out of joint by that much, through no inherent weakness in the underlying principles of law and custom. The ancient and honorable principles of self-help are as sound as ever; it is only that the facts have unwarrantably not remained the same. Such, in effect, has been the view habitually spoken for by many thoughtful persons of a con-

servative turn, who take an interest inconcerting measures for holding fast that which once was good, in the face of distasteful facts.

The vested right of ownership in all kinds of property has the sanction of the time-honored principles of individual self-direction, equal opportunity, free contract, security of earnings and belongings—self-help, in the simple and honest meaning of the word. It would be quite bootless to find fault with these reasonable principles of tolerance and security. Their definitive acceptance and stabilization in the eighteenth century are among the illustrious achievements of Western civilization; and their roots lie deep in the native wisdom of mankind. They are obvious corollaries under the rule of *Live and Let Live*—an Occidental version of the Golden Rule. Yet in practical effect those vested rights which rest blamelessly on these reasonable canons of tolerance and good faith have today become the focus of vexation and misery in the life of the civilized peoples. Circumstances have changed to such effect that provisions which were once framed to uphold a system of neighborly good-will now run counter to one another and work mischief to the common good. Any impartial survey of the past one hundred and fifty years will show that the constituent principles of this modern point of view governing the mutual rights and obligations of men within the civilized nations have held their ground, on the whole, without material net gain or net loss. It is the ground of Natural Rights, of self-help and free bargaining. Civil rights and the perquisites and obligations of ownership have remained substantially intact over this interval of a hundred and fifty years, but with some slight advance in the way of *Live and Let Live* at certain points, and some slight retrenchment at other points. So far as regards the formal stipulations in law and custom, the balance of class interests within these countries has on the whole not been seriously disturbed. In this system of Natural Rights, as it has worked out in practice, the rights of ownership are paramount; largely because the other personal rights in the case have come to be a matter of course and so have ceased to hold men's attention.

So, in the matter of the franchise, for instance, the legal provisions more nearly meet the popular ideals of the modern point of view today than ever before. On the other hand the guiding principles in the case have undergone a certain refinement of interpretation with a view to greater ease and security for trade and investment; and there has, in effect, been some slight abridgment of the freedom of combination and concerted action at any point where an unguarded exercise of such freedom would

hamper trade or curtail the profits of business—for the modern era has turned out to be an era of business enterprise, dominated by the claims of trade and investment. In point of formal requirements, these restrictions imposed on concerted action "in restraint of trade" fall in equal measure on the vested interests engaged in business and on the working population engaged in industry. So that the measures taken to safeguard the natural rights of ownership apply with equal force to those who own and those who do not. "The majestic equality of the law forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges or to beg on the street corners." But it has turned out on trial that the vested interests in business are not seriously hampered by these restrictions, inasmuch as any formal restriction on any concerted action between the owners of such vested interests can always be got around by a formal coalition of ownership in the shape of a corporation. The extensive resort to corporate combination of ownership, which is such a marked feature of the nineteenth century, was not foreseen and not taken into account in the eighteenth century, when the constituent principles of the modern point of view found their way into the common law. The system of Natural Rights is a system of personal rights, among which the rights of ownership are paramount; and among the rights of ownership is the right of free disposal and security of ownership and of credit obligations.

The same line of evasion is not available in the same degree for concerted action between persons who own nothing. Still in neither case, neither as regards the owners of the country's wealth nor as regards the common man, can these restrictions on personal freedom of action be said to be a serious burden. And any slight mutilation or abridgment of the rule of self-help in their economic relations has been offset by an increasingly broad and liberal construction of the principles of self-direction and equality among men in their civil capacity and their personal relations. Indeed the increasingly exacting temper of the common man in these countries during this period has made such an outcome unavoidable. By and large, in its formal vindication of personal liberty and equality before the law, the modern point of view has with singular consistency remained intact in the shape in which its principles were stabilized in the eighteenth century, in spite of changing circumstances. In point of formal compliance with their demands, the enlightened ideals of the eighteenth century are, no doubt, more commonly realized in practice today than at any earlier period. So that the modern civilized countries are now, in point of legal form and perhaps also in

practical effect, more nearly a body of ungraded and masterless men than any earlier generation has known how to be.

In this modern era, as well as elsewhere and in other times, the circumstances that make for change and reconstruction have been chiefly the material circumstances of everyday life—circumstances affecting the ordinary state of industry. These have changed notably during the modern era. There has been a progressive change in the state of the industrial arts, which has materially altered the scope and method of industry and the conditions under which men live in all the civilized countries. Accordingly, as a point of comparison, it will be to the purpose to call to mind what were the material circumstances, and more particularly the state of the industrial arts, which underlay and gave character to the modern point of view at the period when its constituent principles were found good and worked out as a stable and articulate system, in the shape in which they have continued to be held since then.

The material conditions of industry, trade, and daily life during the period of transition and approach to this modern ground created that frame of mind which we call the modern point of view, and dictated that reconstruction of institutional arrangements which has been worked out under its guidance. Therefore the economic situation which so underlay and conditioned this modern point of view at the period when it was given its stable form becomes the necessary point of departure for any argument bearing on the changes that have been going forward since then, or on any prospective reconstruction that may be due to follow from these changed conditions in the calculable future. On this head, the students of history are in a singularly fortunate position. The whole case is set forth in the works of Adam Smith, with a comprehension and lucidity which no longer calls for praise. Beyond all other men Adam Smith is the approved and faithful spokesman of this modern point of view in all that concerns the economic situation which it assumes as its material ground; and his description of the state of civilized society, trade, and industry, as he saw it in his time and as he wished it to stand over into the future, is to be taken without abatement as a competent exposition of those material conditions which were then conceived to underlie civilized society and to dictate the only sound reconstruction of civil and economic institutions according to the modern plan.

But like other men, Adam Smith was a creature of his own time, and what he has to say applies to the state of things as he saw them. What he de-

scribes and inquires into is that state of things which was to him the "historical present"; which always signifies the recent past, that is to say, the past as it had come under his observation.

As it is conventionally dated, the Industrial Revolution took effect within Adam Smith's active lifetime, and some of its more significant beginnings passed immediately under his eyes; indeed it is related that he took an active personal interest in at least one of the epoch-making mechanical inventions from which the era of the machine industry takes its date. Yet the Industrial Revolution does not lie within Adam Smith's "historical present," nor does his system of economic doctrines make provision for any of its peculiar issues. What he has to say on the mechanics of industry is conceived in terms derived from an older order of things than that machine industry which was beginning to get under way in his own lifetime; and all his illustrative instances and arguments on trade and industry are also such as would apply to the state of things that was passing, but they are not drawn with any view to that new order which was then coming on in the world of business enterprise.

The economic situation contemplated by Adam Smith as the natural (and ultimate) state of industry and trade in any enlightened society, conducted on sane and sound lines according to the natural order of human relations, was of a simple structure and may be drawn in few lines—neglecting such minor extensions and exceptions as would properly be taken account of in any exhaustive description. Industry is conceived to be of the nature of handicraft; not of the nature of mechanical engineering, such as it has in effect and progressively come to be since his time. It is described as a matter of workmanlike labor, "and of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is commonly applied." It is a question of the skilled workman and his use of tools. Mechanical inventions are "labor-saving devices," which "facilitate and abridge labor." The material equipment is the ways and means by manipulation of which the workman gets his work done. "Capital stock" is spoken of as savings parsimoniously accumulated out of the past industry of its owner, or out of the industry of those persons from whom he has legally acquired it, by inheritance or in exchange for the products of his own labor. Business is of the nature of "petty trade," and the business man is a "middle man" who is employed for a livelihood in the distribution of goods to the consumers. Trade is subsidiary to industry, and money is a vehicle designed to be used for the distribution of goods. Credit is an expedient

of the needy; a dubious expedient. Profits (including interest) are justified as a reasonable remuneration for productive work done, and for the labor-saving use of property derived from the owner's past labor. The efforts of masters and workmen alike are conceived to be bent on turning out the larger and most serviceable output of goods; and prices are competitively determined by the labor-cost of the goods.

Like other men, Adam Smith did not see into the future, beyond what was calculable on the data given by his own historical present; and in his time that later and greater era of investment and financial enterprise which has made industry subsidiary to business was only beginning to get under way, and only obscurely so. So that he was still able to think of commercial enterprise as a middle-man's traffic in merchandise, subsidiary to a small-scale industry on the order of handicraft, and due to an assumed propensity in men "to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another." And what he could not help seeing of the new order of business enterprise which was coming in was not rated by him as a sane outgrowth of that system of Natural Liberty for which he spoke and about which his best affections gathered. In all this he was at one with his thoughtful contemporaries.

That generation of public-spirited men went, perforce, on the scant data afforded by their own historical present, the economic situation as they saw it in the perspective and with the preconceptions of their own time; and to them it was accordingly plain that when all unreasonable restrictions are taken away, "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord." To this "natural" plan of free workmanship and trade all restraint or retardation by collusion among business men was wholly obnoxious, and all collusive control of industry or of the market was accordingly execrated as unnatural and subversive. It is true, there were even then some appreciable beginnings of coercion and retardation—lowering of wages and limitation of output—by collusion between owners and employers, who should by nature have been competitive producers of an unrestrained output of goods and services, according to the principles of that modern point of view which animated Adam Smith and his generation; but coercion and unearned gain by a combination of ownership, of the now familiar corporate type, was virtually unknown in his time. So Adam Smith saw and denounced the dangers of unfair combination between "masters" for the exploitation of their workmen, but the modern use of credit and corporation finance for the collective con-

trial of the labor market and the goods market of course does not come within his horizon and does not engage his attention.

So also, Adam Smith knows and denounces the use of protective tariffs for private gain. That means of pilfering was familiar enough in his time. But he spends little indignation on the equally nefarious use of the national establishment for safeguarding and augmenting the profits of traders, concessionaires, investors, and creditors in foreign parts at the cost of the home community. That method of taxing the common man for the benefit of the vested interests has also grown to more formidable proportions since his time. The constituent principles of the modern point of view, as accepted, advisedly or by oversight, by Adam Smith and his generation, supply all the legitimization required for this larcenous use of the national establishment; but the means of communication were still too scant, and the larger use of credit was too nearly untried, as contrasted with what has at a later date gone to make the commercial ground and incentive of imperialist politics. Therefore the imperialist policies of public enterprise for private gain also do not come greatly within the range of Adam Smith's vision of the future, nor does the "obvious and simple system" on which he and his generation of thoughtful men take their stand comprise anything like explicit declarations for or against this later-matured chicane of the gentlemen-investors who have been managing the affairs of the civilized nations.

Adam Smith's work and lifetime falls in with the high tide of eighteenth century insight and understanding, and it marks an epoch of spiritual achievement and stabilization in civil institutions, as well as in those principles of conduct that have governed economic rights and relations since that date. But it marks also the beginning of a new order in the state of the industrial arts, as well as in those material sciences that come directly in touch with the industrial arts and which take their logical bent from the same range of tangible experience. So it happens that this modern point of view reached a stable and symmetrical finality about the same date when the New Order of experience and insight was beginning to bend men's habits of thought into lines that run at cross purposes with this same stabilized point of view. It is in the ways and means of industry and in the material sciences that the new order of knowledge and belief first comes into evidence; because it is in this domain of workday facts that men's experience began about that time to take a decisive turn at variance with the received canons. A mechanistic conception of things began to displace

those essentially romantic notions of untrammeled initiative and rationality that governed the intellectual life of the era of Enlightenment which was then drawing to a close.

It is logically due to follow that the same general principles of knowledge and validity will presently undergo a revision of the same character, where they have to do with those imponderable facts of human conduct and those conventions of law and custom that govern the duties and obligations of men in society. Here and now, as elsewhere and in other times, the stubborn teaching that comes of men's experience with the tangible facts of industry should confidently be counted on to make the outcome so as to bring on a corresponding revision of what is right and good in that world of make-believe that always underlies any established system of law and custom. The material exigencies of the state of industry are unavoidable, and in great part unbending; and the economic conditions which follow immediately from these exigencies imposed by the ways and means of industry are only less uncompromising than the mechanical facts of industry itself. And the men who live under the rule of these economic exigencies are constrained to make their peace with them, to enter into such working arrangements with one another as these unbending conditions of the state of the industrial arts will tolerate, and to cast their system of imponderables on lines which can be understood by the same men who understand the industrial arts and the system of material science which underlies the industrial arts. So that, in due course, the accredited schedule of legal and moral rights, perquisites, and obligations will also presently be brought into passable consistency with the ways and means whereby the community gets its living.

But it is also logically to be expected that any revision of the established rights, obligations, perquisites, and vested interests will trail along behind the change which has taken effect in the material circumstances of the community and in the community's knowledge and belief with regard to these material circumstances; since any such revision will necessarily be consequent upon and conditioned by that change, and since the axioms of law and custom that underlie any established schedule of rights and perquisites are always of the nature of make-believe; and the make-believe is necessarily built up out of conceptions derived from the accustomed range of knowledge and belief. Outworn axioms of this make-believe order become superstitions when the scope and method of workday knowledge has outgrown that particular range of preconceptions out of which these make-believe axioms are

constructed; which comes to saying that the underlying principles of the system of law and morals are therewith caught in a process of obsolescence—"depreciation by supersession and disuse." By a figure of speech it might be said that the community's intangible assets embodied in this particular range of imponderables have shrunk by that much, through the decay of these imponderables that are no longer seasonable, and through their displacement by other figments of the human brain—a consensus of brains trained into closer consonance with the latter-day material conditions of life. Something of this kind, something in the way of depreciation by displacement, appears now to be overtaking that system of imponderables that has been handed down into current law and custom out of that range of ideas and ideals that had the vogue before the coming of the machine industry and the material sciences.

Since the underlying principles of the established order are of this make-believe character—that is to say, since they are built up out of the range of conceptions that have habitually been doing duty as the substance of knowledge and belief—it follows in the nature of the case that any reconstruction of institutions will be made only tardily, reluctantly, and sparingly; inasmuch as settled habits of thought are given up tardily, reluctantly, and sparingly. And this will particularly be true when the reconstruction of unseasonable institutions runs counter to a settled and honorable code of ancient principles and a stubborn array of vested interests, as in this instance. Such is the promise of the present situation, and such is also the record of the shift once made from medieval to modern times. It should be a case of break or bend.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

An Imaginary Conversation

GOSSE AND MOORE

III.

MOORE. Why here's tea, Gosse; you'll have a cup with me?

Gosse. You've detained me already a long while, and my wife is expecting me with your message that you have kindly promised to come and entertain our visitors.

MOORE. But, my dear friend, you promised to hear me out, and just as we arrive at the interesting part of the story you say you must go, puzzling me rather than helping me, throwing a rope to a drowning man and withdrawing it before he reaches the bank. There are Johnson's *Rasselas* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* to speak about, but these works need not detain us long; neither is significant of the novel of family life that was preparing—*Rasselas* not at all, *The Vicar of Wakefield* barely so. And the next writer of notoriety, if not of importance, is one of whom I know little, his titles only and some passages, and shall be beholden to you for some information regarding *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*—titles that do not make show of the poetic, serious literature we are in search of, presaging rather abundant horseplay and obscene jests.

Gosse. Smollett didn't avoid either. But have you never read Smollett?

MOORE. To say that I have read him would be untrue, and to say that I have not read him would be nearly as untrue. My memory of him is gusto

and plenty of it, and an outlook on life in strict conformity with his style.

Gosse. Smollett is no doubt a most unseemly writer; but in view of the influence he exercised and still exercises on the English novel, I would have you consider him more carefully than you seem inclined to do, for Smollett was not only the translator of *Gil Blas* but the master builder of this special kind of novel of adventure. It came to him from Spain, a country he says he had traveled and knew inside out and from end to end. I should be inclined to regard this as an overstatement, and to think that the spirit and form alike of *Don Quixote* escaped him. The picaresque novel . . .

MOORE. Before we go any further will you tell me in what the picaresque novel consists?

Gosse. I think I can define it. In the picaresque novel the reader is entertained by a quickly changing spectacle—scenes tacked together, it hardly matters how loosely, the object of the writer being to amuse the reader with what is passing before his eyes, regardless of what has happened before and what may happen afterwards. In one chapter we are in a thieves' kitchen, and in the next we are taken across the street to hear a young man paying court to a young woman or to watch couples assembled for dancing or any other spectacle that may please the lively fancy of the author to exhibit for our pleasures. A thing that I'd like to draw your attention to is that *Gil Blas* passed through France without leaving, I may say, a trace on French litera-

ture—a point that criticism has very strangely passed over in silence, or very nearly in silence—to influence our literature profoundly; and it would be interesting, so it seems to me, if you were to trace this influence adown the long road leading from Smollett to Dickens. It penetrated into Ireland. We find it in *Lever* and *Lover*, in *Handy Andy* for instance.

MOORE. All you say moves me so deeply that I cannot fail to remember it, and my contribution to the criticism advised by you will be that what did happen might have been predicted. A great psychologist of races who was a great esthetician as well would have been able to say: "The French, having a sense of synthesis, will not be attracted to the picturesque novel; but the English, being without this sense, will be drawn to it like flies to a honeypot." And now, is there anybody between Smollett and Walter Scott worthy of our consideration?

GOSSE. Nobody of importance, none that may impede the flights of your fancy.

MOORE. Then I'll pick up the story of the novel where I left it: the Georgian house created a demand for drawing-room entertainment, and Fielding fell in with the humor of our first drawing-rooms accidentally. He was followed by Johnson and Goldsmith, who wrote stories, hoping of course that their stories would please somebody; the desire of an audience does not imply willingness on the part of the author to write anything he thinks the public will buy; Smollett may have made a good deal of money by writing, but he wrote to please himself, I think—in the main. Literature had not yet become a trade. Walter Scott made it one. A hideous name, a name for an ironmonger or a grocer. I hope you're susceptible to names, Gosse, and believe them to be potent influences in the development of men's lives, for I do; and if you don't, you'll begin to feel as I do at the sound of the name of John Milton, a name that rings out like a musical motive with all the career of the man in it; whereas Walter Scott is a flagrant example of the evil influence of a name, the Walter being responsible for the faint romantic flavor and the Scott for the stern man of business who sands the sugar. His name was always antipathetic to me; even in the days when I listened to my father reading *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* aloud I could not keep out of my mind the image of an amiable grocer counting the jingling couplets off on fingers full of sand and sugar. I do not say that I may not have articulated and developed the primitive image later in life, but my aversion from Scott at the age of ten so alarmed my father that I fancy, from something my mother said to me, that about this time his talk expatiated in fear lest he had

caused the birth of a boy who not only did not care to listen to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* but liked *Marmion* even less and preferred the billiard table to *The Lady of the Lake*. He certainly brought a volume of Burke's speeches to the billiard room and laid it before me, pointing out a particularly dull passage on which he challenged me to produce a gloss; and although it was always impressed upon me that children must tell the truth, the confession that Macaulay was as antipathetic to me as Burke seemed to aggravate the offense. You too, Gosse, suffered from your father's ideas; we all do, and having written more juvenile poetry than I, and kept up a closer interest in poetry than I have been able to do, you can tell more explicitly how you suffered from your father's literary appreciations. You have not forgotten, none of us have, how impressed our parents were by the prices paid to Scott for poems; and I think that you mention in your *History of English Literature* that £1,000 was paid for *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and £4,000 for *Marmion*.

GOSSE. Abbotsford was an expensive place to keep up.

MOORE. And it was kept up by living in sin always, unintermittent sinfulness, as is proven by the *Waverley Novels*. A great sinning house it was, and Scott continued to sin against the Holy Spirit after the crash as before; indeed the crash seems to have taught him nothing, for he tried to write off his debts, thereby accepting the morality of the grocer as applicable to the artist, a mischievous surrender to the false doctrine that there is but one morality adapted to all circumstances—an absurd thesis which cannot be upheld in view of the different codes enjoined upon the priest and the soldier. That these are in conflict nobody will deny if he be allowed time to reflect, and there are still some amongst us who on being driven into a corner will concede that the grocer must not make love to the tallow chandler's wife, it being certain that by so doing he will lay himself open sooner or later to a charge of sanding the sugar. It is upon such shades as these that the vast social structure is built up, as a friend of mine foresaw fully the other day when he withdrew his manuscripts and refused to have any further dealings with his agent who had put his wife aside to live with his clerk. The agent was answered rightly in my opinion when he reproached the novelist with having done likewise; the morality of the artist, said the novelist, is not to be confused with the morality of the agent. The agent being the intermediary between the artist and the public must be a man of irreproachable morals. Don't you see? Of course the poor man saw, but the spell of Aphrodite was upon him.

GOSSE. "Lo the white implacable Aphrodite." But we're straying from the questions at issue.

MOORE. Only from Scott to the literary agent. Abbotsford! A literary agent would have rejoiced in the vocables: "Abbotsford," he would say, "is a name to conjure with"; and I can hear him in imagination muttering on the terrace, "Sir Walter must have money to keep it up, and by a judicious management of the serial rights from New Zealand it can be done, and it must be done, for the public likes its author to live in towers." There were towers, Gosse, at Abbotsford, or Scott's literary agent would not have allowed him to take the place. I have forgotten the architecture but there must have been towers, for nothing else but the upkeep of the towers could have compelled a man to continue rhyming the romantic page morning after morning.

GOSSE. But are you sure that in speaking about Scott you have not dropped into subterfuge, evasion, or (shall I say it?) humor? I seem to miss the fine direct simple thinking you regret never having met in an English novel. I would ask you, in your own interest, mind you, so that when you sit down to write your essay it shall be with a clear mind embracing every aspect of your intricate and difficult subject, if some of what I believe to be a sincere aversion from Scott's poems and novels (I presume the novels fail to please you almost to the same extent as the poems) may not be attributed to Abbotsford and Scott's attempt to live on literature as the barons of the Middle Ages lived upon forays. You do not think that the free mind so essential to literature could be maintained in Abbotsford? You think, and far be it from me to say that you do not think rightly, that better literature is as a rule produced by them that lived from garret to garret; and that the obscure life and death is often followed by an apotheosis.

MOORE. I never liked the name, a big armchair name that seems to forecast the poems and the novels.

GOSSE. And that being so, is it not true that we are prone, all of us, myself as well as you, to take a further step and to affirm that the writer who makes money writes for money?

MOORE. The works of our successful authors do not allow us to believe that they wrote to please themselves, and to do them justice they do not pretend that their works could interest anybody who is not more debased than themselves.

GOSSE. I am not certain that what you say is true; but an inquiry would lead us far from the task in which we are engaged, nor should we ever arrive at any clear knowledge of the psychology of successful authorship through inquiry, for the authors we have in mind could not tell us even if they would.

We can only know the successful author through our common humanity; and I am inclined to think that everybody writes to please himself, and that although the writer may know his books are not so good as the books on the shelves above him, he will continue to take pleasure in his own work, with a sigh of regret perhaps that it isn't better. It is possible that you yourself heave a sigh after reading Landor's dialogue between Helen and Achilles, but for that you do not destroy your manuscript, and this being so you should be able to put yourself in the position of the most inferior writer amongst us and understand that he too, as much as Landor, writes as well as he can and takes pleasure in it.

MOORE. I believe you're right. I remember a friend in the old days saying to me, "I know that I could not write like Ibsen and I wouldn't if I could." He was a successful dramatist who . . .

GOSSE. Who liked to please his public just as you like to please yours.

MOORE. You're a better psychologist than I thought for, Gosse, and your last admonitions contain signs and traces of the mind that wrote *Father and Son*.

GOSSE. Every man writes what pleases him to write, nor is the choice given to us. Scott could not breathe the pure air of Mount Ida—calm heights where the intellect sits enthroned.

MOORE. Amid snores unassailed even by eagles' talons. Vocal sculpture over against marmoreal seas. But Landor could descend at will into a boudoir and be witty. You remember no doubt how delightfully the Duchess de Fontaigne talks to Bosuet and will agree with me that Balzac has little to show as true, or Ingres anything more beautiful. But do you remember her who gazes across melancholy Flemish lands dreaming her soul away in dreams of one in Paris—dreams that she herself is only faintly aware of—a delicate breathing only audible to the attentive ear? But I urge no fault. I was meditating on the beautiful things that few ever see or hear. Time can do nothing. It is not likely that Pater's and Landor's readers will increase; but there will always be a few. You know the prophecy—arriving early and staying late. All the same the thought is a sad one that the next generation may be more concerned with my writing than with Landor's or Pater's, and merely because they are inferior. Ah, there is the sting.

GOSSE. Does your distress extend to my writings?

MOORE. No, Gosse, I hadn't thought of yours, but I'm sure you would shed the last drop of your blood to make Landor and Pater known to the next generation.

GOSSE. I wonder if you would shed the first drop of yours. But we're wasting time.

MOORE. Wasting time! Are you then so eager to return to Scott, who never seems to have suffered from writer's cramp? It was my father's wont to tell that Scott wrote for three or four hours every morning, and spent the afternoons on horseback—a mode of life that seemed to me disgraceful, the romantic page requiring in my ten year old imagination all the poet's life, as the cocoon requires all the silkworm's. It was some years after that my dislike of forays and joustings suited to the family reading was stirred up again by an engraving in which a benevolent gray-haired old gentleman sat under a purple curtain, pen in hand, not writing, nor thinking—for when a man thinks his countenance empties, losing all expression. Scott was not thinking, there was little time for thinking; he was writing off his debts at the time, and had given an hour to a portrait painter. His right hand held the gray goose quill while his left hand caressed the intrusive head of a deerhound. I saw another portrait later, after my father's death, and my misgivings were increased by the empty yellow face, as insipid as a turnip, that Raeburn discerned as the real author of Ivanhoe.

GOSSE. It might be as well to leave out deductions drawn from personal appearances. You've been painted a great many times, and I'm not certain that some of your portraits might not lead to some unfavorable interpretations of the value of your writings. But we'll say no more on this point, but will return to the prose narratives. Of course Ivanhoe was put into your hands and you were bidden to read it.

MOORE. Ivanhoe, Burke's Speeches, Macaulay are enduring memories of an unhappy childhood. But I liked The Bride of Lammermoor. The romantic prediction:

When the last heir to Ravenshoo'd to Ravenshoo'd shall ride

To woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpet's flow
And his name shall be lost for evermo',

finds an echo in most hearts (in every heart), for the note is a true note, seldom struck and often sought; and Carlyle could not have been indifferent to its appeal though he makes little of it, telling in his vindictive essay how the romantic page being finished, Scott donned a green jerkin and mounted a palfrey and prepared to go away hunting; but one morning a pig could not be persuaded to leave the hounds, and Sir Walter had to intervene, cracking his whip to the amusement of his retainers. Carlyle's account of the episode amounts almost to as-

sassination; it exceeds his fell and ferine account of Coleridge's mutterings as the poet shuffled across the terrace muttering, "Subjective, objective." But you must not go, Gosse, till you've heard Mr. Waverley in a love scene. I opened the book this morning.

GOSSE. And it opened at the page you are going to read to me. How very remarkable.

MOORE.

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley. I should incur my own heavy censure did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment—I see I distress you, and I grieve for it, but better now than later; and O! better a thousand times, Mr. Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment than the long and heartsickening griefs which attend a rash and ill assort'd marriage!"

"Good God! But why should you anticipate such consequences from a union where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, where, if I may venture to say so, the tastes are similar, where you allege no preference, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?"

"Mr. Waverley, I have that favourable opinion, and so strongly, that though I would rather have been silent upon the grounds of my resolutions, you shall command them, if you exact such a mark of my esteem and confidence."

I have often heard you lament the ineptitude of the female novel, but can you say, hand on your heart, that it is possible to discover in the serial story published in The Servant Girls' Magazine a page more inept than that I have just read—more removed from human thought and feeling, more trite, calling up no image unless that of two sleek, rotund, inoffensive little animals that—but I see I distress you.

GOSSE. It is not so much our opinions that divide us as our tempers—yours allows you to speak with studied disrespect of one who once occupied the highest position in literature to which a man can attain. You know that Balzac was a great admirer of Scott, and the fact makes the change that has come over public taste regarding the Waverley Novels incomprehensible, to me at least. I have listened to your reading of a declaration of love that doubtless moved our grandfathers and grandmothers to tears, and heard your comment that it reminded you of nothing unless perhaps the almost mute and wholly unnecessary guinea pig. And what aggravates my position is that I cannot say truthfully that I feel what you have read is not ridiculous.

MOORE. There are many more.

GOSSE. If you will allow me to continue a little while longer I will draw your attention to a matter about which you may find it convenient to speak in your essay; that though we admire Shelley's poetry we are unable to admire the poetry Shelley admired.

He admired Byron and I'm afraid that nobody will be able to explain to us how it was that Shelley's exquisite ear took pleasure in the versification of the *Bride of Abydos*, *Lara*, *The Corsair*, and *Childe Harold*. This admiration and Goethe's are incomprehensible unless we allow that Byron possessed qualities in 1820 that he does not possess in 1918. I admit that it is not easy to believe that texts must be regarded as *les petits vins du pays*—wines that lose their flavor after a certain number of years—but if we do not raise or lower poetry to the level of the wine list, how are we to explain the loss and gain? Whereas Byron has lost Shakespeare has gained; like the fine wines of Bordeaux he seems to have gathered flavor and aroma, and is today a greater poet than he was in the Elizabethan days.

MOORE. Excellently well said, Gosse; we know that Shakespeare was rough on the palate in 1603, and that for more than fifty years Beaumont and Fletcher retained their supremacy.

GOSSE. After the Restoration they began to lose their fragrance and have continued to lose it; and if some writers come down to us deteriorated, why should we find it hard to believe that others have gained? And since change for better or worse is observable in all, is it certain that any writer is destined to be read as long as there are readers in England? The romantic movement swept Pope away, and no reputation was more securely established than his. Who shall say that another change will not sweep Wordsworth and Shelley out of favor?

MOORE. So you think, Gosse, there is no standard of taste, and that the mere caprice of a generation is accountable whether it admires Scott or Balzac?

GOSSE. Do you think there is one?

MOORE. I think I find one in antiquity. Vergil, Horace, and Catullus would stare at us very blankly if we were to rouse them from their sleep to ask their opinion of Quentin Durward, and it requires no great effort of the imagination to discover the very words with which Apuleius would answer us. He would say, "In my day there was a great deal of Christianity creeping about and we did not think much of it, but we did not think it would lead you into an admiration of such dullness as Scott." But Apuleius and Longus, Vergil, Catullus, Horace, Homer, Sophocles, and Aristophanes would take off their hats to Shakespeare. Every one of them would understand Hamlet and Macbeth and Lear. The Tempest would enchant them; and they would appreciate all our great prose writers: Landor, De Quincey, Pater. Why, therefore, should they fail to understand our narrative prose if there be any worth in it?

GOSSE. But do you think that an appeal to antiquity is altogether fair to Scott or to any modern writer—modern life being so different from ancient life? Do you think that Vergil would have understood Miss Austen?

MOORE. You have put an interesting question for which I am obliged to you, and my answer will fall out naturally in the course of the conversation. *Pride and Prejudice* was published many years after it was written. How many?

GOSSE. Fourteen years; and you can reckon on her to support your contention that the literature that interests the next generation is not written for money.

MOORE. Scott's centenary must have fallen flat, for I remember nothing of it; but I have a very distinct memory of the articles that celebrated Miss Austen's. Praise there was in plenty, and if the writers of the articles could not discover the qualities that stirred their enthusiasm, it was because they were not themselves writers of prose narrative. It may be said that nobody understands anything so intimately as the craft he practices. The praise was all right and very pleasing to me, who was nevertheless puzzled and unable to explain how the gentlemen could have written so much and said so little, the subject being Miss Austen, about whom so many interesting things might be said. I should not have wished them to omit the obvious fact that Miss Austen was a delightful writer, who described the society of which she was part and parcel; it must be said of course, but it was not easy to see why this very trite appreciation should be expanded into many columns when so much remained unwritten about this delightful writer who . . . and so on. After having mentioned for the tenth time that she described the society of which she was part and parcel, I should have liked the critics to point out that Miss Austen was the inventor of a new medium of literary expression—which is the truth and no more than the truth; the truth is always strange and it will no doubt come as a surprise to the critics, but confute it who may: Miss Austen was the inventor of the formula whereby domestic life may be described; and every one of us without exception, Balzac and Turgenev as much as Mrs. Henry Wood and Anthony Trollope . . .

GOSSE. A perfect blossom. Her craft . . .

MOORE. A great deal has been written about her craft, which we must allow to be good, wonderfully good when we remember that it was she who discovered the method and got more out of it than Giotto did out of his. It is not too much to say that she was her own potter, decorator, vintager; and that her jars were mostly well shapen, the painting witty, and the wine excellent, without doubt

the purest our island produces—a delicious wine, wholesome, palatable, one that can be drunk with pleasure by all, especially by men and women of letters, by whom it is especially recommended. Though divided on all other points, it seems we are united on this, and were not my rooms too small to contain the entire sodality it would have pleased me to invite all here and put a certain matter to the vote—the only certain way of settling anything—but as that is impossible I have taken upon myself the responsibility of speaking in the name of the sodality: we are agreed that if the great dead were to reawaken, the Austen wine might be offered to Vergil, Catullus, Horace, Longus, Apuleius, and Petronius Arbiter without fear that they would run to the window making wry faces. It is many years since I have read *Pride and Prejudice*, but the two principal characters, Mr. Collins and Elizabeth, are still clear to me. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett still keep a place in my recollection, and unless my memory retains the good and forgets the false, this book tends towards the vase rather than the washtub, which is rare in English novels; but it will be safer for me to speak to you of *Sense and Sensibility*, which I read lately, for in that work it often seemed to me that Miss Austen is at her best and at her worst. Her subject is what is known as "County" and her narrative opens, as it should open, in a large commodious house situated in the middle of a park as far as possible from the highroad. And the moment chosen is propitious. Mrs. Dashwood's husband has just died; Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters are going to leave their ancestral hall for a cottage in Devonshire; and the son and heir is minded to give them a considerable sum of money, for they have not been left well off; three or four thousand pounds are mentioned, but the heir's wife thinks three or four thousand pounds too large a sum; a long discussion ensues and by successive stages the proposed sum is reduced until at last a few insignificant presents are considered sufficient.

The heroine of *Sense and Sensibility* is Marianne, and Miss Austen's intention is to present a highly strung romantic girl who believes the time for love is twenty or before, for at two and twenty young women have passed the bloom of youth; and Marianne is of course certain that whosoever loves once can never love again. Now it seems to me that in setting forth the mental attitude of her young people Miss Austen falls into something like the sententiousness of Mr. Waverley unwittingly, for she was not sufficiently practiced in her craft to see that the mere writing of a long passage for Eleanor to speak to her sister fails to put the reader in possession of the fact that Eleanor represents sense. It is all too

sudden. The passage I'm going to read is hurled, as it were, at the reader without preliminary intimations to make the best he can of it, with the result that he makes nothing of it and falls to thinking whatever does all this nonsense mean? A state of soul cannot be conveyed in a speech, and in a speech delivered by somebody whose acquaintance we have only just made; and I confess that I thought we were going to have Waverley over again when I read:

"Of his sense and goodness," continued Eleanor, "no one can, I think, be in doubt who has seen him often enough to engage him in unreserved conversation. The excellence of his understanding and his principles can be concealed only by that shyness which too often keeps him silent. You know enough of him to do justice to his solid worth. But of his minuter propensities, as you call them, you have, from peculiar circumstances, been kept more ignorant than myself. He and I have been at times thrown a good deal together, while you have been wholly engrossed on the most affectionate principles by my mother. I have seen a great deal of him, have studied his sentiments, and heard his opinions on subjects of literature and taste; and, upon the whole, I venture to pronounce that his mind is well informed, his enjoyment of books extensively great, his imagination lively, his observation just and correct, and his taste delicate and pure. His abilities in every respect improve as much upon acquaintance as his manners and person. At first sight, his address is certainly not striking; and his person can hardly be called handsome, till the expression of his eyes, which are uncommonly good, and the general sweetness of his countenance is seen. At present, I know him so well, that I think him really handsome; or, at least, almost so. What say you, Marianne?"

"I shall very soon think him handsome, Eleanor, if I don't now. When you tell me to love him as a brother I shall no more see perfection in his face than I do now in his heart."

Eleanor then tried to explain the real state of the case to her sister. "I don't attempt to deny," said she, "that I think very highly of him, that I greatly esteem, that I like him."

Marianne here burst forth with indignation: "Esteem him, like him, cold-hearted Eleanor, oh worse than cold-hearted, ashamed of being otherwise. Use those words again and I'll leave the room this moment."

It cannot be denied that this runs Mr. Waverley very close; the difference is that Miss Austen had something in her mind which she wanted to get out as quickly as she could. She is in the position of a man who speaks too quickly for his audience to follow his thoughts. Scott was merely producing copy for the printer. The opening of *Sense and Sensibility* is not only hurried, it is confused by the inclusion of a scene that nobody would wish away; the talk between the heir and his wife is not, strictly speaking, in the subject, and we find ourselves forced into the admission that it would be better if the pages had been reserved for a more shapely exposition of the characters of Marianne and Eleanor. The omission of the scene between the heir and his wife would have been a great loss, but we should have understood Marianne when she bids good-by to Northlands and have sympathized with her.

"Dear, dear Northlands [she asks] when shall I cease to regret you! When learn to feel at home elsewhere! Oh! happy house, could you know what I suffer now in viewing you from this spot, from whence perhaps I may view you no more! And you, ye well-known trees! you will continue the same. No leaf will decay because we are removed, or any branch become motionless though we can observe you no longer! No, you will continue the same; unconscious of the pleasure or the regret you occasion, and insensible of any change to those who walk under your shade! But who will remain to enjoy you?"

This sententiousness (or is it sensibility?) is continued for about forty pages and is not dropped until the sisters go with their mother to the Devonshire Cottage, and our attention has relaxed considerably; but Miss Austen regains it when a young man appears whom Marianne recognizes as the one she has been craving for ever since her girlhood, and within a very few weeks she is convinced that he is the only one worth living for. At last the theme becomes clear and we perceive that the author's intention is that Marianne shall be cheated of her desire, and marry in the end a man whose years once seemed to put him among those that can no longer hope to inspire passion. Passion alone is valid, so Marianne thinks, and we comprehend the scheme, which is that the young man must break with her; it is essential to the story that he should, and how to bring the rupture is a problem, I said, one that will put the skill of the narrator to the finest test. The story will begin to creak in its joints if the greatest care be not taken. In about three weeks the young man expresses a desire to leave the neighborhood, and the reason he gives for his return to London is not satisfactory; indeed his manner alarms Marianne, and her disquiet is increased by many little incidents. So far so good, but the question has to be answered: Is the author to take the reader into her confidence and tell that the young man has flirted with Marianne merely to pass the time away, his thoughts being fixed on a rich marriage; or is the author going to keep the secret from the reader, thereby appealing to the sense of curiosity which is in everyone? Strange as it may seem, Miss Austen chose to appeal to the curiosity of the reader, and we are well advanced in the novel before we hear that the young gentleman has succeeded in allying himself to money. The motive of curiosity seems to me to lie a little outside of her art, and it would have been better for her to have taken the reader into her confidence and told that the young man was seeking a rich marriage and had no intention of applying his life to the worship of a poor girl; and later on Miss Austen's inexperience in her craft leads her into a blunder that cannot be condoned. She brings back the young man, after his marriage, to tell Eleanor that he is very sorry—and my heart

failed me when I saw the scene rising up in the narrative, and I prayed that it might not come to pass. But she was the first, a Giotto among women, and when she wrote there was no prose narrative for her to learn from. It is so easy for us to avoid these mistakes. A writer of inferior talent (shall we say Maupassant?) would have known that the scene could not be written, for there are scenes in life that cannot be written even if they can be proved to have happened. The writer must choose what can be written; and a worse exhibition of skill than this scene is not discoverable in literature. The young man apologized, blubbered, and went away, and with his disappearance from the book my faultfinding ends.

Remember that the theme of the book is a disappointment in love; and never was one better written, more poignant, more dramatic. We all know how terrible these disappointments are, and how they crush and break up life, for the moment reducing it to dust; the sufferer neither sees nor hears, but walks like a somnambulist through an empty world. So it is with Marianne, who cannot give up hope; and the Dashwoods go up to London in search of the young man; and every attempt is made to recapture him, and every effort wrings her heart. She hears of him but never sees him till at last she perceives him in a back room and at once, her whole countenance blazing forth with a sudden delight, she would have moved towards him instantly had not her sister caught hold of her—and in the page and a half that follows, Miss Austen gives us all the agony of passion the human heart can feel. She was the first; none has written the scene that we all desire to write as truthfully as she has, and when Balzac and Turgenev rewrote this scene, they wrote more elaborately, but never with greater result. In Miss Austen the means are as simple as the result is amazing. A young girl of twenty, jilted, comes up to London with her mother and sister, and she sees her lover at an assembly; he comes forward and addresses a few words more to her sister than to herself within hearing of a dozen people, and it is here that we find the burning human heart in English prose narrative for the first and, alas, for the last time.

Miss Austen's imagination has not spent itself in this supreme scene. She can develop her motive, and the narrative is continued amid gossiping women coming and going into the house taken for the season; the drawing-room is never empty; in and out the visitors come and go asking questions about Marianne's marriage. Each of these questions is like a burning knife thrust into the girl, and she has to keep a steady face upon it all. She has to bear

with it all, listening to the chatter till she wishes herself dead, at all events in some silent world, and what is so admirable is that while the reader's heart is wrung with pity for the girl, the reader is amused by as good chatter as has ever been written—and a great deal of good chatter has been written by the great writers, for the power of writing chatter is the signed manual of the great writer. Perhaps the French word "bonnement" will explain my meaning better; "chatter," being an abstract word, does not express as much as "bonnement." The word "bonnement" is associated with the showman, and the word recalls to our mind the rapid, almost incoherent, talk of the man who stands at the end of the booth crying, "Walk up, walk up, and see my show!" Rabelais was a great master of patter, and next to him is Shakespeare. Balzac too could write good patter; but Mrs. Jenning's patter in *Sense and Sensibility* is as good as any. She sometimes, it is true, includes an important statement in the patter, one that is necessary for the comprehension of the narrative; and this to me is a mistake, for the pleasure we find in patter is merely the pleasure of words rapidly run together. You have not read *Sense and Sensibility* for a long while, Gosse, and will let me read some of Miss Austen's patter.

"Well, my dear, 'tis a true saying about an ill wind, for it will be all the better for Colonel Brandon. He will have her at last; ay, that he will. Mind me, now, if they ain't married by Midsummer. Lord! how he'll chuckle over this news! I hope he will come tonight. It will be all to one a better match for your sister. Two thousand a year without debt or drawback—except the little love-child, indeed; ay, I had forgot her; but she may be 'prenticed out at small cost, and then what does it signify? Delaford is a nice place, I can tell you; exactly what I call a nice old-fashioned place, full of comforts and conveniences; quite shut in with great garden walls that are covered with the best fruit trees in the country; and such a mulberry tree in one corner! Lord! how Charlotte and I did stuff the only time we were there! Then there is a dovecote, some delightful stewponds, and a very pretty canal; and everything, in short, that one could wish for: and, moreover, it is close to the church, and only a quarter of a mile from the turnpike road, so 'tis never dull, for if you only go and sit up in an old yew arbour behind the house, you may see all the carriages that pass along. Oh! 'tis a nice place! A butcher hard by in the village, and the parsonage-house within a stone's throw. To my fancy, a thousand times prettier than Barton Park, where they are forced to send three miles for their meat, and have not a nearer neighbour than your mother. Well, I shall spirit up the Colonel as soon as I can. One shoulder of mutton, you know, drives another down. If we can but put Willoughby out of her head!"

Here endeth the first conversation.

GEORGE MOORE.

The Moral State

THE UNIQUE apology which Mr. Alfred E. Zimmern gives for his volume, *Nationality and Government* (McBride; \$3)—that it is "not a book in the true sense of the word, but a collection of articles and lectures written at different times during the past few years"—is fortunately not justified. For although it is true that the book is not a unified whole and that it does not present a single and well-rounded thesis, it has an inner consistency of attitude and a high provocative quality, both in form and substance, which give it great value as an aid to interpretation. It is no small tribute to Mr. Zimmern's clarity of intellect and persuasiveness of style that a book admittedly a collection of random papers should maintain so definite a method of approach to the multitude of those complex problems which today lay claim to our bewildered attention. Furthermore, a few general contentions do appear in the variety of arguments and discussions. These general contentions are of supreme importance, since they are an attempt to formulate the main ethical issues involved in the present conflict by arms. Mr. Zimmern presents them with the fine detachment which can come only from a deep feeling of the poignancy

of the personal tragedies of the war, together with the fine serenity of style which can come only from so rich a background of historical precedent and example as it was our right to expect of the author of *The Greek Commonwealth*.

Commonwealth, indeed, is the keynote of Mr. Zimmern's thought. Consequently he takes issue with the whole theory of nationality in so far as that theory means that the limits of any national culture are the limits of the sovereignty and authority of the state in which the particular nationality is included. He quotes Lord Acton's analysis in 1862:

The greatest adversary of the rights of Nationality is the modern theory of nationality. By making the State and the nation commensurate with each other in theory it reduces practically to a subject condition all other nationalities that may be within the boundary. It cannot admit them to an equality with the ruling nation which constitutes the State, because the State would then cease to be national, which would be a contradiction of the principles of its existence. According, therefore, to the degree of humanity and civilization in that dominant body which claims all the rights of the community, the inferior races are exterminated or reduced to servitude, or outlawed, or put in a position of dependence.

In other words, since the boundaries of a state are not the boundaries of a language or a people, almost

any number of national cultures can be included within that state. This theory equally justifies the political philosophy of an Austria-Hungary and a British Empire. Mr. Zimmern is unflinching in drawing this conclusion. He believes neither in the theory of "self-determination," nor in the formula, behind which is so much revolutionary passion, of "no annexations." Both are muddle-headed and unrealistic. But if, then, there is no difference in philosophical questions of polity between the British Empire and, let us say (for the question of nationality is here best illustrated) the Austro-Hungarian Empire, why the present quarrel between them? The difference arises, if I do not mistake Mr. Zimmern's view, not from any abstract question of political organization, but from the differences in the exercise of the proper functions of the State. Here we strike the fundamental contention.

To Mr. Zimmern, the State is not merely a type of organization, an instrument of convenience; it is an ethical entity. It can act, as an individual acts, either well or ill. Somewhere Mr. Zimmern speaks of "the unique corporate individuality of social groups." It is the duty of the State to act in the interests of the common weal, to become, in a word, a commonwealth. The sin of Austria-Hungary, as of Germany and Turkey, lies not in her inclusion of several nationalities within her boundaries but in her attitude toward them. Except for the Germans and Magyars—the dominant races—they have been treated as subjects instead of as citizens with equal rights. Annexation for Germany means extension of power; for England, extension of trusteeship. Of course in contrasting the British idea of empire with the Prussian idea, Mr. Zimmern is quite aware that he somewhat overpaints the lily of English beneficence. Yet historically, at all events, he is on the whole correct—in his description of the facts. A deeper question arises from his assumption that this general idea of the moral State—what, as Mr. Zimmern is quite aware, foreign critics call English cant and hypocrisy—has been part of the conscious purpose and tradition of Great Britain. If conviction and intensity could make it such, then this book of Mr. Zimmern's would answer our question for us.

But is the State an entity which can be properly endowed with moral attributes at all? The instinctive anger of the world is concentrated today—and justly—not upon that multiform Leviathan which is given the general descriptive term of Germany, but upon specific individuals. It is probably a healthy instinct which makes the common run of us get indignant not at an idea but at the particular people who embody it. In spite of the caricaturists and

colored maps, it is difficult to focus anger upon abstractions; to curse at shadows. Because the State can be used as an instrument of aggression, it does not necessarily follow that it ought to be used as an instrument of salvation. It is, after all, an instrument for good or ill—it is not of itself either good or ill. It hasn't a soul which can be lost or saved. It is in essence a scheme of organization whereby power can be allocated and brought effectively to play. To endow it with the human virtues of wickedness and goodness is merely to become anthropomorphic at precisely the point where mythology is most dangerous. We are still hypnotized by words: praise or blame have no meaning when attached to other than human men and women. It is considered infantile to anathematize the lightning which strikes our house; equally, to rail at that State which crushes our hopes, or to eulogize that which furnishes us with justice and freedom, is of no particular danger so long as we recognize that we are dealing only in symbols. The trick of personalization is as old as the race, and language itself serves still to clothe the dark forces, which we cannot face unaided, with the familiar flesh that is our ultimate reality. When, however, we make of our symbols "corporate individualities" to which our affections and loyalties can be attached as to our dog, our friend, our parent, then we are likely to experience the final disillusion. The State, as I see it, is like a machine which makes the color and texture of our clothing; if we do not like our clothing, or if our neighbors object to it, then we can alter the machine, or smash it, or build a new one. It is our servant; not our master. For between the Prussian worship of the State as such and Mr. Zimmern's adoration of the Commonwealth designed for service instead of power it is difficult to discern any real cleavage of principle. Both visions are apocalyptic, and both reflect the qualities of the men who experienced them: in one case selfishness and jealousy and cruelty; in the other, luminous intelligence and genuine kindliness. Our choice must be determined, as must all choices of ethical preference, by judgment from an argument *ad hominem*.

At bottom one might describe this attempt of Mr. Zimmern's as a search for some ultimate object of loyalty. The Puritan tradition refuses to be frustrated. Our new duty is to the Commonwealth. None of us today needs to be told how miserably the Church has failed us; the younger generation has been, as far as religion is concerned, pretty thoroughly uprooted. To die for the glory of the Lord seems today not merely inglorious but absurd. We have become tolerant in all things except irrelevancies. We search for a new faith. Some believe they

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have found it in nationality. Here one can thoroughly subscribe to Mr. Zimmern's penetrating and wise analysis of a modern fallacy. He points out the morbidity of the heightened national feeling which is the inevitable by-product of political oppression; he shows in deft phrase how a man's original self-respect of race cannot safely be denied.

With equivalent power and sureness he shows the danger which comes from the atrophy of the feeling of nationality in a materialistic country like our own. (A criticism, by the way, which he has somewhat modified since our entrance into the war.) Now the State, which is in one sense narrower, is in another broader than the nationality, for it includes it. To this State, this Commonwealth, Mr. Zimmern would have us attach our deeper affections and loyalties. It is the carrier of a precious tradition, an entity with a soul and purpose, a stimulation of our highest activities. In a word, it is Mr. Zimmern's personal compensation for those consolations which conventional religion has denied him. It lacks the self-centeredness which is characteristic of nationalistic feeling; it conceives its task more broadly;

it has more human tang and savor than the churchly faiths of a barren and godless age.

Yet it is a symbol which in all probability the new world upon which we are entering will repudiate. There will be confusion and bitterness following this war, and in all likelihood a sharp reaction away from all kinds of bloodless abstractions, the State among them. It is odd that Mr. Zimmern, who has written in this book with such insight about labor and the unmitigated evils of a soulless industrialism, should not himself have guessed the answer to his search. Unless we raise up more nationalistic passions than the fury of this war might normally be expected to allay, the new world will regard the State or the World State—a League of Nations—as an instrument of convenient organization. There will be few cryptic worships. Men will attach their loyalties to those whom they love, and will find their happiness in their work. In the long run it cannot be found elsewhere. For whatever we permanently cherish must have in it the rhythm and color of daily life and daily desire.

HAROLD STEARNS.

From an Older Time

THOSE OF US who began our reading careers after 1900 are inclined, perhaps unjustly, to neglect the school of excellent writers who delighted the youth of our fathers and mothers. The eighties and nineties saw a very deliberate and serious attempt to found a "national" American literature, and that attempt deserves far more respect and investigation from those of us who pretend to be still wanting that very thing than we usually give it. The approach to this enterprise was sectional but not separatist, sectional in the sense that if each great region—New England, Virginia, the Tennessee mountains, Louisiana, California, the Western plains—were fittingly embodied in fiction, their distinctive types of personality and ways of speech artistically presented, the federated picture would produce us a veritable American contemporary literature, comparable in depth of life and beauty of pattern to the French and Russian material that we were beginning to admire. With this motive more or less at the bottom of their hearts, writers like Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, G. W. Cable, Bret Harte, Hamlin Garland, Thomas Nelson Page, and James Lane Allen worked conscientiously to catch and fix the distinctiveness of the life that each one knew. And over this school presided with unques-

tioned authority Mr. Howells, that incredible genius who had come from humble Ohio to capture the Brahmin citadel itself, and—when the kings had been gathered to their fathers—to reign in royal Cambridge himself. Mr. Howells himself was never consciously sectional; he conveyed the simple homeliness of that naive middle-class age which got itself recognized everywhere as broadly and pervasively "American." But it was in his mellow art and under his pontifical blessing that the school felt itself sustained and encouraged.

Of all these writers, Mr. Cable is the only one who continues to produce novels of the same quality and with the same motive. Those of his school who are not dead, have earned an honorable retirement in other fields. Lovers of Louisiana (Scribner; \$1.50) comes to us from this fine veteran of seventy-five, with his unmistakable characteristics, after a literary career of much more than forty years. And, as if to show his perennial vigor, he has not gone lazily back to his Creole life of the past, but writes his romance about a very modern New Orleans of the last three or four years. This gives him the opportunity to show the Creole life in all its unfading charm, in the beautiful flower of a Rosalie Durel, in the courtliness and finesse of her banker father,

and even in the wickedness of her wonderfully named cousin Zéphire. And it enables him to confront and then to mingle with this inexhaustible Creole theme the other molding element of modern New Orleans, the rather stiffly admirable Philip Castleton, with his sociological modernity and his critical love for the South. It is rather an astonishing thing for so veteran a novelist to do—to keep so much of the old flavor of romance and yet pour so much intellectuality into his work. The interest of the feat almost disarms our criticism of the artistic creation.

Mr. Cable has always blended his romance and sociology. From many of his contemporaries we could excusably have acquired our current legend that his generation was serenely oblivious of "social problems." But we could never have got it from him. From the very first he seems to have seen the South as an impartially criticizable society as well as the beloved Dixie of romance. And it was the South's very energetic dislike to be looked at in any such light that sent him long ago to make his home in Massachusetts. If it was his upbringing in ante-bellum New Orleans that gave him his tender love of her picturesque life, it must have been his Northern, and perhaps his partly German heritage, that gave him a fatally critical sense of the poisons that continued to beset the South's convalescence of reconstruction. To my Northern mind he seems the fairest of critics, with a justice that is sincerely tempered by love. His defense of the freedman, those pamphlets he wrote in the eighties about the "silent South" and the post-slavery problems, are restrained in tone and earnest with a high-minded persuasiveness. Only a South that would stand for nothing but a servile adulation of its ways could resist such a prophet. He spoke as a lover of Dixie, but it was just that plea Dixie would not listen to—that only through political fairness to the Negro would the South be released from the clutch of its "Negro problem."

In this latest novel Philip Castleton is Mr. Cable's attitude personified. Those Southerners who do not complain about Mr. Cable's strictures on the South put their complaints against him on the ground that he is too much the sociologist at all times and too little the artist. I do not know whether he wrote *John March, Southerner* (1894) to prove his impartiality. But it happens that this story, with its pugnacious and chivalrous young hero of reconstruction and its rascally Negro politicians, is one of his best novels. Mr. Cable was artist enough to draw vivid portraits which were the reverse of special pleading for the sociological idealisms he had been expressing. Into that book he got

pretty nearly the entire life of a turbulent and proud Southern community in its welter of personal and political feuds and aspirations to develop its suddenly discovered resources. No mere *apologia* could have been so convincing.

But in *Lovers of Louisiana* the reader who missed the artist in Mr. Cable would have a better case. Philip rarely becomes more than an abstraction. If he is not exactly priggish, he is little more than a voice calling upon his great city to lead the South to modernity. He comes back from Princeton to take his place in the public life of the city. He gives a course at Tulane in political history. He delivers before a Negro society an address which is taken by his proud Creole rival for the hand of Rosalie as an apology for being a white man. He heads the Grand Jury, and menaces the mysteries of Creole clairvoyants and quadroon girls. In his high-minded courtship of Rosalie he invades the precincts of the finest Creole families closed till then to ideas, and not only saves her father from bankruptcy but wins him to a larger tolerance. Philip is always less a lover, less even a reformer, than he is a walking idea of what Mr. Cable would like the effective modern Louisianian young man to be. Even when he secures his Rosalie Durel—her whom he has once identified with his city, and his city with her—our romantic interest is less stirred by their union than by that of the two touching old figures behind them, the grandmère and the Judge, who find their belated happiness after forty years.

The romance that is embodied in Rosalie and her family scarcely compensates for the abstractions of Philip and the Castletons. Of course she is utterly charming, and charming in a more vigorous and intelligent way than Mr. Cable's other Creole heroines, such as the Nancanous. Her creator spares us much of the enormity of dialect, and is thus able to save both her and her really admirably drawn father from that belittling and patronage which seems the inevitable effect of dialect on the modern taste. In this book Mr. Cable's phonetic atrocities are so much milder than usual and his conversations so much briefer as to bring his story completely within the range of what, I take it, is our demand today. Nothing cuts off his school from us quite so much as that lavish cultivation of dialect. Our eye simply balks at untangling the paragraphs of a character like Narcisse in *Dr. Sevier*, so that that youth, who is so obviously intended to be a most amusing and winning figure, falls as flat as a Petrouchka who has lost his sawdust. Mr. Cable seems well aware of this change of taste. *Lovers of Louisiana* is brief and pointed in its style. It has few of those leisurely wastes of conversation

which that school copied Mr. Howells in pouring out upon us. Mr. Howells himself was saved by the fact that even in his most prairie-like stretches there is always a faint amusingness, in its transcript, of the literal banality of life. The other writers are seldom so fortunate. When they use dialect they produce books which will, I think, become progressively unreadable.

Mr. Cable's romance is still old-fashioned, however modern his literary manner may have become. His generation also followed Mr. Howells in what H. L. Mencken calls a "kittenishness" in all references to love. *Lovers of Louisiana* sounds tilted; deprived of the flow of conversation, the romance is a little bare and angular. For a short book, it has a bewildering ingenuity of plot. So short a story will scarcely carry so much interweaving of themes without fatiguing the reader, and fatiguing him justifiably. At times the meaning almost sinks out of sight under the weight of the financial intrigue, and of the influence of the young people's romance upon the shy reunion of their elders. Here are not only a Creole grandmother and an "English" grandfather who should have married years before, but were kept apart by social prejudice. There is also a broken love-match between Rosalie's father and Philip's mother, which was prevented by the same beloved Aunt Castleton who now works against Philip's suit. Add to this a financial complication in which the Castletons rather quixotically attempt to make up to the Durels the losses suffered by the embezzlements of the wicked cousin Zéphire, rival suitor for Rosalie's hand, and get the aid of an ex-slave of the Durels as well as a Scotch banker who intrigues ceaselessly to bring Rosalie and Philip together. Weave into this the realization that this indebtedness stands between Rosalie and Philip, and you produce a network that at times baffles your intelligence. To the author these intricacies of prop-

erty and family pride have a significance that a younger novelist would be inclined to yawn over. For the mere situation of these two families (not hostile, still unmingling, though each represents its kind of aristocratic best in the fascinating life of New Orleans) would have been motif enough. He would not have felt so much the need of elaboration. There would have been more to understand of the people themselves and less of the too neat intermingling of their objective fortunes.

Lovers of Louisiana therefore helps us to understand, I think, the limitations of that "national" school of fiction. For our interest today is vaguely in "life" itself rather than in the distinctive trappings of life, picturesque as they may be. We like to understand characters from their cradles to their graves. We pry around the intimacies of their souls in a way that seems almost ribald in the light of these scrupulous older novelties. It is not even "American" life we are after. We are on a restless search for "human life," almost as the thing in itself. We feel a craving to look beyond and through the particular type or the odd individual to some calm, immemorial current of personal truth. Any deliberately sectional portrayal comes to seem dangerously near an exploitation. The novelist is exploiting his material, digging out his marketable ore instead of making his human landscape reveal some significant veracity. This is the difference between books like John March, Southerner and *The Grandissimes*. In the latter one feels the exploiting touch. But fundamentally, to Mr. Cable's honor, it must be said that he does not deserve that stigma. He has felt deeply enough about his land to be its sound and bravely passionate counselor. And he has been artist enough not to let either this idealism nor his own very strict personal moralism impede his portrayal of all the sweetness and gayety of that life which his youth loved.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Connoisseurship or Criticism

PROBABLY no one has hitherto imagined placing together the names of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Bernard Berenson, and I confess the justification for doing so here is a slight one. It would appear, nevertheless, if I let the present lines run along to an essay on *The Importance of Prefaces*. No one is unfamiliar with the importance of Mr. Shaw's prefaces, and no one should read Mr. Berenson's *Essays in the Study of Sienese Painting* (F. F. Sherman; \$3.65) without first studying the pages which precede the essays themselves. The author's ability

is shown there, in his description of his problems, and the reader's response to his methods, quite as much as in the actual solving of the problems.

The book is made up of problems—questions of attribution, of date, of differentiation amongst painters of the Sienese School, who have only received the study they deserve in comparatively recent years. Mr. Berenson confesses that the absence of an essay on the relations between Sienese art and the arts of the Far East, which he was prevented from completing in time for this volume, "leaves it a more

purely professional and technical one than he could have wished." The average reader, even if a lover of the entrancing art of Siena, will readily join with Mr. Berenson in his regret, and perhaps even accept the terms of it as a permission to leave the volume and others like it to that very special public which is prepared by native talent and acquired experience to follow the intricacies of the debate in which the author engages with Dr. Sirén over the authorship of the *Marriage Salver* in the Boston Museum, or the relative claims of Matteo di Giovanni and Guidoccio Cozzarelli to the production of various pictures which are discussed.

As "professional and technical" as such matters are, we need not however dismiss them and the book as something beyond the powers of the ordinary student of art. He must, it is true, have equipment to follow the argument: he must have the enormous equipment of the critics themselves if he is not to be taken by surprise through the citation of some work he has never heard of and which is capable of changing the whole line of argument. And who but a man of the rarest opportunity and complete leisure can track the all-but-forgotten Little Masters through obscure hill towns, provincial cities of France, and private collections from Baltimore to Vienna? Mr. Berenson does well, in his preface again, to "beg the student, even when not perfectly convinced by his arguments, to believe in his conclusions." It is the wiser course, for the time being anyhow, and will enable the reader to enjoy with the critic the zest of his researches and the ingenious fitting together of fragments which reconstitute some lost personality of the quattrocento.

Does the game at times seem scarce worth the candle? If it does, then play it the harder, for your admission or even your doubt shows that you need to look more closely at these Sienese; they are so beautiful that to one who has spent much time in their company no amount of effort seems too great for the attainment of a better acquaintance with them. I do not urge the value of any and all truth simply for the dignity that inheres in it. But in such a case as the one I instanced—Mr. Berenson's probing into the relative positions of Matteo and Guidoccio—we have not so much the reconstruction of a minor painter, as the freeing from inferior work long attributed to him of one of the real masters of Sienese art. As long as we judge Matteo di Giovanni by the less skilful and less intense pictures of his follower, we have a distorted idea of him. To be sure, most students are by this time aware of the looseness with which attributions were given before the days of scientific criticism, and when they have once seen Matteo as the exquisite and great man he

shows himself to be in the Siena gallery, they will not easily take him down from his pinnacle, even in the face of unworthy pictures to which his name has been attached. And yet even such students will welcome more light on the subject.

Among connoisseurs a defense of Mr. Berenson's essays can only provoke the smile of indulgence that is the part of superfluous efforts. But there are few critics today who see other possibilities in their profession than the popular-rubbish article so nearly universal in the newspapers and minor magazines on one hand, and the archeological title-searching of experts on the other. And so, as most of us have had enough for a lifetime of unintelligent attacks on the modernists, and even more banal puffery of academic and commercial successes, we have become pretty well resigned to the quietude of the professional and technical reviews, and accept the setting of questions of detail, which occupy the present volume, as the main business of the critic. The enormous success of Mr. Clive Bell's *Art* is largely due to his exhilarating reminder that connoisseurship is only an incidental part of the critic's office. Mr. Berenson is very good-humored about the weariness with which the reader may listen to his arguments, but he is sure enough of a public which wants more of them to continue the kind of writing which has engaged him for the past ten years or so. He will have that public as long as museums and collectors keep adding more works by the minor artists of the past—the great works being always less on the market, and so less discussed. And the vanishing point of the lines of third, fourth, or fifth-rate works whose authorship awaits discovery is at a horizon that we shall never reach.

It is easy to go too far with such an argument. The picture acquired by the Fogg Museum, for whose painter Mr. Berenson finds the name Ugolino Lorenzetti, is not a fifth-rate work but a beautiful and important one; to remind us by reproduction of the great Duccio *Nativity* in Berlin is a service we must esteem. But there are far bigger ones that the critic may render. Let us hope that in the essay on the relations of Sienese art and the arts of the Far East, which Mr. Berenson is meditating, he proposes to get us out of the desert of the specialists and into the fertile country of the major problems of art. He has at times given proof of his interest in modern art, and if it is too much to ask that he pursue that subject, at least there are broad phases of the significance and relationships of the old schools which have never been well discussed. He will find a ready audience if he will approach such themes.

WALTER PACH.

THE DIAL

CLARENCE BRITTEN
GEORGE DONLIN

HAROLD STEARNS
SCOFIELD THAYER

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

SHALL THE SAME NEWS DISPATCHES COME, IN A few months or even weeks, from Berlin which recently came from Sofia—news dispatches portraying Bolshevik uprisings against the government? On July 14 such a question would have seemed absurd. Today it is significant of the tremendous and far-reaching social and political changes which have taken place in such short time that the question is not only not considered absurd, it is actually being asked. Lord Milner has already asked it. Evidently the leaders of the German Majority Socialists are anxiously asking it. As early as last September Vorwärts of Berlin was depicting the horrible results of a "break through" on the western front, and it is somewhat curious that even then it was the internal consequences of a military debacle which chiefly concerned the editor.

Instead of war outside our frontiers there is war at home, trenches in the streets, machine-guns in the houses, corpses of men, women, and children on the pavement. The food supply now entirely fails. There is no more coal, and in consequence no light, no trains, industry comes to a standstill, hundreds of thousands die, a spirit of madness takes possession of the survivors, revolts break out, and an attempt is made to crush them with bloody force.

An overdrawn and extreme picture, you say. Precisely, but overdrawn and extreme for a purpose. And that purpose is hardly naive; it is not merely to strengthen the morale of the "field grays" by showing what disastrous consequences would ensue from a weakening of the defensive spirit at the front. That may have been a subsidiary purpose, but it is now safe to assert that it was not the main purpose. For a considerable period it has been clear that the German Majority Socialists have been maneuvering for high stakes—for control of the German government itself. Diplomatic information is united on the assertion that the German middle classes—what might be described as the moderate industrial and commercial and financial classes—are determined to gain a speedy peace no matter what price is paid for it. They are quite willing to employ any ally for that purpose, even the German Socialists, who no longer are averse to describing themselves as the one force in Germany capable of preserving "law and order" on the conclusion of peace. The world has already seen in Russia a striking example of how an expropriated moneyed and landed class will not scruple to ask for foreign aid in order to regain what

it considers its own. Shall we witness a similar phenomenon in Germany—the sudden growth of a class more afraid of its own disillusioned proletariat than of a victorious foreign army? Between defeat in an imperialistic war and a domestic revolution, who can doubt what reaction will choose? President Wilson has himself stated that the war has raised up forces too strong for any statesman to control, and in very truth we are today at one of those dramatic periods in history when no one can confidently say what dark and swift passions have not been aroused. Naivete is one of the most engaging qualities of all conventional foreign-office officials. But shrewder minds are already alarmed at the prospects of a Bolshevik Germany. We have cited Lord Milner as one example. The recent news dispatches from neutral capitals highly praising the "political good sense and ability" of the German Majority Socialists is but another straw indicative of the way the wind is blowing. Perhaps in a few months we shall observe a campaign of adulation of Philip Scheidemann as the man of the hour in Germany, comparable to the campaign of adulation of Kerensky. If we do—and certainly events are moving rapidly in that direction—in all probability a disillusion exactly like the disillusion which followed the revelation of Kerensky's weakness will follow the revelation of Scheidemann's weakness. Once the tiger of exploited labor has tasted the blood of victory, its appetite grows by what it feeds upon. Ambassador Gerard tells us that if a revolution ever does come in Germany, it will make the Russian revolution look like a Sunday school picnic. In any event, the future for Germany is ominous. For if one thing is certain about this war, it is that its conclusion will not bring it to an end. Just in proportion as the charge that Germany was a feudalism has been true, by just so much can we measure the coming bitterness of the struggle between its classes. There is, of course, the chance of a reaction towards a "Defense of the Fatherland" movement like that of 1813, but that chance is slim. Defeat on the battlefield is not the only penalty autocratic nations will pay for the criminal adventure of this war. The dry rot of domestic class warfare seems also to be an inevitable part of their punishment. But shall the democratic nations escape? In proportion as they scorn to adopt the autocratic spirit and methods of their enemies.

EVIDENTLY SOMETHING IS THE MATTER WITH THE modern scheme of industrial enterprise. There are feverish attempts in all the nations where the institution of modern industry exists to try out some new method or to hold on to old schemes. We shall presently have the chance to regard the several nations as industrial experimental stations, for no two seem bent on the same policy of organization. If the Majority Socialists of Germany is to be the majority working-class party when the war is over, it seems clear that the German idea of bureaucracy and state management of industry will take a new lease on life. In striking contrast to the German state of mind toward industrial organization, it is interesting to find that the workers of Australia, who have been responsible for the development of state capitalism and bureaucratic management in that country, have swung completely away from their dependence on politics and legislative reforms to syndicalism; to the One Big Union of our own I. W. W. Naturally the trade union organization and activity in Australia is receiving opposition. Mr. E. E. Keep, president of the Employers' Federation of Melbourne, Victoria, is agitating for the suppression of the movement, which he says is spending or proposing to spend in the next year £83,000 in propaganda.

Should labor again get into political power and endeavor to put these ideas into practice, it will be a disaster as tragic to industry in Australia as the Bolshevikist ascendancy in Russia.

While Mr. Keep is opposing trade union organization in Australia, Mr. Ernest J. P. Benn, Chairman of the Industrial Reconstruction Council, is carrying on agitation for the complete organization of workers as well as all other factors participating in British industry, and the establishment of a national Parliament of Trades. Again we find that the industrial organization of the Soviets of Russia does not follow either the theory of the trade union, the industrial union, the political socialist, or, needless to say, the British Parliament of Trades. It has sprung out of the necessity of meeting a situation. The organization for this reason closely follows the actual functioning of the producers. It is unhampered by theories, ulterior purposes, or interests. No wonder that the Germans, including the German Scheidemann Socialists, are horrified at an unabashed industrialism crossing the border without the clothing of theory or other dispositions.

THE DEATH OF A. C. LECOCQ, THE COMPOSER of light opera and more particularly of *Girofle-Girofla* of happy memory, does more than stir recollections of the melodious conventional three-act operetta, sentimental and gay, which did so much to make the last twenty years of the nineteenth century a romantic and engaging era. It recalls again the

meagerness of our own work in the field of light music. The ordinary "musical comedy," with its vaudeville extravaganza, its glucose tunes, and its thin wit, has been saved from destruction only by the imperishable freshness and pulchritude of our chorus girls: without them, we should have been forced by sheer ennui to demand a more intelligent form of entertainment. For the field of light music can be almost indefinitely expanded, and there are many theatrical genres for which light music alone is appropriate. There is the operetta of the Lecocq type, the witty burlesque of the Gilbert and Sullivan type, the farce with music, the revue. The last has been highly developed on the Continent; in America the yearly Follies and Passing Show are our closest approach to that combination of satire, horseplay, and syncopated jingles which make the first-class revue almost a specific art form. The farce with music, too, has been well developed with us, for American playwrights are apt at farce and producers find it easier to procure isolated songs and dances than an entire homogeneous score like that, say, of *The Chocolate Soldier*. But our lack of even tolerable operettas and witty burlesques is appalling. When we do have a composer of ability and keen sense of orchestration, like Victor Herbert, where shall we find the author to write the book for his score? Nowhere do our pioneer qualities reveal themselves more strikingly than in our attempts at operetta. For good operetta is like old wine—it is dry and sparkling and is poured from somewhat musty bottles. The composer and the librettist must be sophisticated and urbane. There must be a suspicion of mockery in the sentiment and a touch of burlesque itself in the music. Operetta is the musical counterfoil to that artificial comedy which Charles Lamb described with humorous discernment.

WILLIAM JAMES HAS GIVEN CLASSIC EXPRESSION to that feeling of despair and ennui which affects the normal man when he visits a model community. It is like one's feeling of hopelessness before the perfect child. Perhaps for the most of us there had been small hope of ever seeing an entire community afflicted with such dull, idyllic sinlessness. But today there is a living example of just such a community for all to see; and many are. That example is Washington, where never before in human history has the task of being wicked been made so difficult. Long, long ago the city was made dry, and the merry tinkle of the ice in the whiskey glass has yielded these many months to the soft crash of straw on the soda fountain. Recently because of the influenza epidemic, all theaters and movie houses have been closed; there is literally no place to go but home—if you have a home, for Washington is the original habitat of the rent profiteer and one is

always on the move. Restaurants close at nine-thirty in the evening, and there would be no special point in staying in them anyway. Public meetings are prohibited. "Stagger" hours have been instituted—whereby one department goes to its work a half hour earlier than another, thus relieving the congestion of the street cars—and there is not even the cheerful community sociableness of the crowded trolley. Stores open at ten o'clock, and buying has been reduced to the thoroughly uninteresting and thoroughly praiseworthy task of purchasing necessities. Everybody is really busy, and loafing has become a lost art. One never sees a friendly murder, as in Chicago; or a cheerful drunken brawl, as in New York; not even a lynching. The city goes on the even tenor of its purposeful way, reserving all its belligerency for the well-known Central Powers. Cynics aver that if liquor were reintroduced, the city would forget all about the war and bitter defeat would await our armies. This is probably a libel, for Washington has carefully preserved one vice. One can still smoke. But nobody wants to—who ever heard of angels smoking in Paradise?

PRESERVATION OF THE STUDY OF LATIN HAS RECENTLY BEEN ADVOCATED WITH GREAT FORCE BY M. A. Meillet, a professor at the Collège de France. This distinguished philologist sees in the linguistic diversity of modern Europe one of the strongest forces making for Continental disunity. The war will in all likelihood intensify rather than lessen the movement for the adoption of separate languages by small nationalities—a movement which has been going on for over a half-century with accelerating speed and intensity. If the unity of European civilization is to be maintained unbroken, some common bond must be discovered or revived. It is disconcertingly true that however sympathetic we may be to this linguistic decentralizing movement on political grounds, culturally speaking the ideas expressed in these new literatures are for the most part the common stock of modern thought. M. Meillet is probably correct in thinking that for cultural purposes the old and widespread languages are sufficient. Consequently the adoption of a new language by a small people is as likely to erect barriers between that people and the outside world as to enrich its own peculiar heritage. To counteract this centrifugal tendency M. Meillet suggests that the study of Latin should be maintained. A knowledge of Latin shows the relationship of the Romance languages to each other and of the Romance languages as a whole to English and German. But primarily a knowledge of Latin enables one to discern those ideas which are the common heritage of European civilizations as a whole. Just why M. Meillet should have chosen Latin for this purpose of linguistic unification may seem some-

what arbitrary to those who are ever keeping their axes sharp against the classicists. Yet somehow the ancient humanism, divorced from the immediacies of scientific discovery and experiment, seems today in the crowded hatred of strife a more healing and gracious doctrine than it did in the first days of July 1914, when the concepts of creative practicality were regarded as the surest instruments for the establishment of the social millennium.

THE WAR SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY Association has been allotted \$3,500,000 of the \$170,500,000 asked for during the welfare drive which begins November 11. The amount would seem small if it were intended to be more than a cash supplement to the stream of donated books that have been pouring into the Association's reservoirs since its first call. For the Service is now fully occupied with what must be its most valuable function—the supplying of reading matter to hospitals and Red Cross houses. Of these, one hundred and forty-nine have already been equipped with libraries. The allotment from the Welfare Chest will be used to extend this equipment and to buy such books as are not otherwise provided, since the Service (unlike the caretakers of a certain sort of donated library) believes in making the supply meet the demand, not the demand the supply. The cash supplement, therefore, is essential. Meanwhile the stream of book donations must not be permitted to subside. Books, no less than men, suffer an accelerated wear and tear at the front; and the Association's ideal—for every man in service a book in service—demands an uninterrupted flow of reinforcements. Nearly every booklover has on his shelves worthy volumes that have outlived their usefulness for him but would sell for only a ridiculous fraction of their value to the right readers. For all such books the Service has the right readers. Probably the booklover will never again have so good an opportunity to put his shelved books back to work for him. There is demand for nearly every kind of reading—entertainment and distraction to lighten the first hours in hospital, serious literature to indulge tastes acquired in civil life, educational and technical works to fill this enforced leisure with preparation for a return to civil life. Whoever has experienced a reading famine in hospital will send his books to France to help relieve the monotony of convalescence among our soldiers. If he has not books, he would do well to act upon the Association's suggestion that he give their price to the War Chest.

A PRINTER'S ERROR IN THE DIAL FOR OCTOBER 19 OMITTED THE PUBLISHER'S NAME FROM A REVIEW OF Colette Baudoche, by Maurice Barrés. It is published in America by the George H. Doran Co., at \$1.50.

Communications

INCOMMUNICABLE LITERATURE

SIR: Francis Bacon was given to tripartite analyses. If his subjects did not fall naturally into three sections he so treated them that they seemed to. "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability," he said judicially, looking about him at the revival of learning. Having undertaken an examination of this statement lately, I am forced to the conclusion that we in modern America who study literature—especially English literature—do so for none of these reasons. Not for delight; the students find it drudgery. Not for ornament; it is a disgrace to seem, outside the classroom (and in it, too, for that matter) to know much of the great masters of prose or poetry, or to manifest a power of expression. Not for ability; wherein shall it result to the material profit of any of us, save the pale priests who pass along the lamp, to know there were two Wartons?

There is a friend of mine who would say that we have gone beyond the Baconian exposition, that we study literature for its effect of broadening and deepening the character. Let his students beware of him. Let them become more human, let their sympathies have wider scope, at their own peril. It will ruin them for business. They will be failures in this progressive civilization if they forget him not quickly, and all the dangerous nonsense he has taught them. Indeed, he does alarm them; the classics alarm them; we all do; and they take over-elaborate precautions lest they be softened and made gentle by the speculations of the great minds of the world. Instinctively self-protective, they steel themselves against all prophets of the humanities. Usually it is a needless defense. They are already isolated and immune. Only those who have ears can hear—and they have been hearing all along.

It is self-evident to the man who has corrected themes for many classes that the creative faculty in any one student remains practically static, and that there are no visible results from methods the most varied, the most drastic, the most conscientious. No student has ever learned under my instruction to spell, or punctuate, or build a sentence. Nobody can teach these things. The original cryptogram of letters is transferred to us in childhood, and afterwards we puzzle over it alone. He who can spell at the beginning remains able to spell at the end; he who could punctuate at first can punctuate still; he who early in life can narrate, describe, and analyze retains his power. Our students in composition grow, flourish, and die aloof from our aid; integral, sufficient to themselves, relying upon chance and whatever innate ability they possess. In the realm of literature the conditions are similar. The same lad who in high school precociously understood the sonnet on Westminster Bridge will in the university find subtle meanings and interplay of thought in the series to the River Duddon. We

do not broaden and deepen them. If they are broadened and deepened they do it themselves, by the force of hidden aspirations, by natural mental growth. Those who are stupid, except in extraordinary instances, will remain stupid; the man who was brilliant once is now unchanged. Knowledge can be imparted in limited quantities, a dead and useless, uninspired knowledge of the anatomy of certain poetry and prose. But whatever appreciation of the masters your student may show in your presence he has capacity for in your absence. You may amuse him and yourself by what you say; the time in class may pass pleasantly enough; but you cannot add a cubit to his understanding. George Bernard Shaw is always himself; so is William Copper; so are Janet, and Fred, and Algernon. The boy who loves literature will read it in the library; the others suffer many purposeless and grilling hours. As well attempt to explain orthodox Christianity to a Buddhist, as the flower of literature to the uninterested. He cannot understand, and he does not wish to. We are tilting against a mill—a huge, bellyless, soulless organization, compact of dullness, custom, and immutable law. We may tear a flange, but there is no possibility of convincing.

It is evident that I am pessimistic this morning. I have overstated my case. Is there no hope for us? I once asked a friend if he had read *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. "Why, no," he retorted; "why should I? All of my friends have read it. It permeates the atmosphere in which I live." Perhaps professors are, in a vague way, makers of atmosphere—as has been so often less flatteringly hinted by sundry college journals. We read; we understand; we fulminate. Who knows by what devious and shadowy trails civilization and culture are advanced? There is little enough progression on the high road. Our recognized output is sugared stupidity; but the plant may be worth maintaining for its by-products.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

Whittier, California.

THE SOCIALIST PLATFORM

SIR: This year as never before the Socialist Party lays claim to the radical vote. In Europe this claim has long been a commonplace; the young radical is of course a Socialist, whether of the right or left. In Great Britain the rule still holds good under new terminology—Fabians, Labor Party, and so on. In America indeed the reign of Mr. Gompers has cleft a wide gulf between the radical and any practicable labor party, but as far as Socialism is concerned the inertness of so many radicals proves again that the American is a non-political animal.

"American Socialism is so doctrinaire," he complains. Strange indeed as coming from the well-informed radical! "Doctrinaire," indeed, to the man whose Socialism is learned from the abstractions of the corner soap-boxer; "doctrinaire," per-

hups, to the college student whose "Socialism 1" ends with Marx and Engels—but hardly to the mature radical who has followed the party platforms and tactics since 1900.

It is in view of these platforms and accomplishments that we believe our party to furnish the only possible political affiliation for the radical who looks beyond win-the-war shibboleths to the coming reconstruction. The old arguments against Socialism have been shattered by the administration. "Business incentive" has been thrown to the winds; "individual liberty" has been shelved for the period of the war. That old anti-Socialist romance, The Scarlet Empire, bids fair to be outdone in a regime where the motorist is no longer master of his own gasoline, the housewife of her own sugar-bowl, or the letter writer of his own correspondence.

Aside from the plunge into socialization and state control which has proved possible the wildest dreams of Utopian Socialism, a convincing argument has been given to our "immediate demands" for working-class reform. "It cannot be done" was the old reply to our every proposition, and the tax rate and debt limit were held up as impassable barriers. We have now learned however that nothing is financially impossible, that private property exists in strict subordination to public need, and that what the majority wills can be done irrespective of precedent.

Yet there is danger in this plunge toward social control. The Republicans see it, and helplessly block the wheels; the Democrats prefer not to see it, trusting all to the steering of an able executive; the Marxians alone can meet the menace advisedly as the long-expected State Socialism. The socialization which has come upon us is clearly the form that has existed in Germany since Bismarck, characterized by centralization, military purpose, and disregard of individual rights. The advantage is efficiency; the danger lies before us in what we know of Germany today. We cannot avoid this development; our "doctrinaire" Marxists have long foretold it; and efficiency has come to stay. There is but one escape—to turn State Socialism into Social Democracy.

This transformation can be made by concrete measures of two classes. The first of these tends toward industrial democracy. To quote from the new Socialist Congressional Platform:

Self-government in industry is the first essential of a truly democratic nation, and the only guarantee of real freedom for the workers.

The demand is made, therefore, for the right of government employees to organize and strike, and the principle of industrial unionism is endorsed.

A second group of demands looks toward a more complete political democracy: amendment of the Constitution by majority vote, the abolition of the Senate, the application of the initiative and referendum to federal legislation, and—most daring of all—the responsibility of the President, his cabinet, and the courts to Congress and the people. We

Socialists do not desire that Germany should receive *all* the benefits of the war, and in demanding a responsible government for our enemies we put in a plea for America as well.

The program of the British Labor Party has justly provoked the admiration of the liberal world. We point with pride to an American Congressional Platform, later than the British and profiting by it, yet to the student of American Socialism a direct development of the "immediate demands" of past platforms. Striking demands of the international portion of the program are the representation of labor and suppressed races and nationalities at the peace conference, and the organization of a world federation with legislative as well as judicial powers to obviate disputes and to settle such disputes as arise.

In addition to the call for government ownership of public utilities and basic industries, always present in the Socialist Platform, a far-seeing succession of demands is made for measures of present reform:

a national policy on unemployment, including a permanent system of employment agencies; the development of vocational education; the organization of a construction service to carry on public works and to provide apprenticeship for returning soldiers and other workers seeking permanent employment on the land or in the exploitation of natural resources . . . the encouragement of agricultural cooperation; the enactment of laws prohibiting child labor; social insurance; war profits taxation of 100%; income and inheritance taxes progressing to 100%; taxation of unused land at full rental value. It proposes the acquisition by the government of all banks essential to business and industry and complete democratic control of credit and finance.

A section new to the American platform is that which deals with civil liberties. Demand is made for the literal interpretation of the civil liberties provisions of the Constitution, for the suppression of mob violence by the federal government, for the repeal of the post office censorship of the press, for the restriction of the application of the Espionage Act, for the repeal of legislation restricting freedom of speech. The German radical has long consented to restriction of civil liberty; the British radical has refused to accept such a restriction. The American radical must choose between German submission and Anglo-Saxon protest, and the one political vehicle for this protest in 1918 is the Socialist Party. . .

If, then, the Socialist Party in 1918 is doctrinaire, the aims of the Allies are doctrinaire. Democracy and self-determination—are these mere echoes of the eighteenth century revolution, when the overthrow of kings was the gateway to liberty; or are they to be interpreted in specific terms, translated into the twentieth century and the new world? The old parties have conjured by these words—the Socialists give them concreteness and the push of revolution.

If there exists a political party in the United States more worthy of the support of the radical, we challenge him to bring it forward.

JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN.

Brooklyn, New York.

Notes on New Books

THE FLAME THAT IS FRANCE. By Henri Malherbe. Century; \$1.

After Barbusse, there is a certain temerity in translating for English readers any other French book which deals directly with impressions of the war. For Le Feu gave you the impression of looking straight through the language into the war experience itself. The literary medium became a clear glass, and the narrator's art made you almost forget that you had not experienced yourself all that he had to tell you. In contrast to such a book, the literary medium of M. Malherbe's impressions is distressingly apparent. On no page does he let you forget that he is writing about the war in an effort to convey to you his sense of its vastness, austerity, and horror. There is everywhere a self-consciousness, a sense of the craftsman's straining. The little book is unpretentious enough. It purports to be nothing more than a series of notes written hurriedly as the author caught significant things. But his little visions of Death and Love have too much the air of being composed. He is sincere enough, but he does not flow. In a few paragraphs however he does express poignantly what war means to the "intellectual" in its midst. It is hard to forget sentences like the following:

To be a soldier is to be a naked blade. It means to strip oneself of illusions, to stifle one's memories. It means to keep oneself single and strong for a sacred duty, for a sacrifice bitterly accepted. It is to make oneself dry, forceful, fit, a fierce and solitary soul from which the charms and amenities, the arts and all the peaceful graces of human society have ebbed away.

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY, AND DANTON. By Romain Rolland. Holt; \$1.75.

Written some twenty years ago, these plays by M. Rolland have very literally an historic rather than a dramatic interest. They were the fruit of the effort of the author and a group of his associates to found a people's theater, in accordance with a decree of the Committee of Public Safety of 1794:

1. That the Théâtre-Français shall henceforward be solely dedicated to productions given by and for the people at stated intervals each month.
2. That the building shall bear the following inscription on its façade: People's Theatre; and that the various troupes of actors already established in the Paris theatres shall be requisitioned in turn to act in these popular productions, which are to take place three times in every decade.

M. Rolland conceived the idea that the Revolution itself furnished excellent material for such productions, and designed a "sort of epic comprising ten plays," dealing with the progress of the Revolution up to the Girondin proscripts, when "it devours itself." Two of this series are here printed. It is fairly obvious that they read better than they would

act. In his attempt to get away from the conventions of the theater, M. Rolland forgot the dramatic significance out of which they grew. The result is that instead of the vices of a solidified, mechanical production, the author has gone to the other extreme and given us plays in which the chief protagonist is the people—and we have a massive structure, but gelatinous. Rolland's instinct for defining character goes far toward saving these otherwise rather clumsy dramas. Hulin, Danton, Desmoulin are drawn with power and precision. The historic interest of these plays goes back to the French, and lights up the Russian, Revolution. But they are material for the student rather than the mere spectator of drama. Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the introduction by the translator, Barrett H. Clark.

TWO TOWNS—ONE CITY. By John F. Macdonald. Dodd, Mead; \$2.

The title refers to London and Paris: the author, who died before his book was published, was a newspaper man who loved both. From an essentially journalistic point of view he chronicled the events and portrayed the tendencies that seemed to indicate even before the war that Londoners and Parisians had much in common, and that they had a spiritual kinship. He succeeded admirably in transferring the emotions of the day to these papers, and in translating racial reactions in terms of these emotions. His sketches of the two cities in the second year of the war are concerned with the attitude of the people, the observations of journalists and politicians, and the changed conditions arising from the tightening of military and civil regulations. They are dramatic and humorous in turn, always human, and always interpretative of the best traditions of both peoples. Mr. Macdonald was an excellent propagandist; indeed, if one may speak in terms of petitions, the book is one long draught of entente cordiale.

THE THREE-CORNERED HAT. By Pedro A. de Alencon. Knopf; \$1.25.

Our Anglo-Saxon fiction is not given to dealing very extensively with the cruder forms of amorous purpose. The novel since Tom Jones has had to make up in elaborate characterization and invention of types for what the decencies of the age have demanded it sacrifice in the way of the endlessly amusing old motifs of intrigue and pursuit. Our reading public may be pardoned for forgetting that man may want woman enough to pursue her in a thoroughly wicked, determined, and delightful way that would be pragmatically impossible for Mr. Stewart P. Sherman's ordinary honest citizen going about his business in the market-place. This little Spanish tale would be piquant enough anywhere, but against the background of our respectable tradition

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it is irresistible. The plot of the naughty old Corregidor against the miller's wife, and the delicious unravelings of the farce in a scene that would have done honor to Molière, make up a story that is classic in its sparkle and wit. The author tells us that he first got it from an ignorant goatherd, who entertained a party with it. It is an ancient tale, and he heard many versions of it from the picaros of the farms and hamlets of Spain. "The basis of the matter is always the same," he says, "tragi-comic, waggish, and terribly epigrammatic, like all those dramatic lessons with a moral of which our people are so enamored." He has rescued it from the embellishments of vulgarity into which it often fell, and has made it truly "delicious, discreet and beautiful," as he first heard it from the lips of his goatherd. Let no one think that "delicious" means "immoral." No people enamored of a moral ever got a more thoroughly satisfactory ending to a tale. The two virtuous wives are completely vindicated; the wicked Corregidor is brought to utter confusion and ridiculous humiliation; and the miller, after his trials, shows virtue again justified of her children. The Anglo-Saxon reader can enjoy it all with the clearest of consciences. And the introduction, by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr., the translator, acquaints him with a Spanish writer who must have been one of the most fascinating of men and authors.

LIFE AND WORKS OF OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A.
By George C. Williamson. Limited edition.
John Lane; \$25.

If you own a picture by Ozias Humphry (1743-1810) or if you want to buy one or sell one, this is a book for you to have. The relationship of the size and expense of such a volume with the importance of its subject is only to be explained along such lines as I have just suggested. Without the collector of English pictures and, especially, without the dealer in them, a tome of the dimensions of this one would be out of the question, not alone today with labor and materials costing what they do, but at any time.

Ozias Humphry painted miniatures that rank well with those of the English school of the eighteenth century; occasionally in a drawing in sanguine he reaches a point where fine and delicate craftsmanship is supported by a genuine love of character; but as a rule he and his patrons were satisfied by a pretty conventional performance. To look at his best work is to sympathize with the pride which Englishmen have in their country, in the beauty of their women, and in the sturdiness of their men. But Humphry bears witness also, through the quality of his painting and through his portrayal of his sitters, to the less admirable sides of English character—its conventionalism, its slightness of real aptitude for expression in the graphic arts. Even at his time, when the country was at its best in painting, one

feels how ill the British school fares in a comparison with those of the Continent. Humphry, while a minor member of his school, is sufficiently typical to warrant such a reflection. His life in England and in India; his connections with celebrated personages; and the numerous letters, which form an unusually complete record of his career and surroundings, furnish ample material to his biographer, who has spared no pains in bringing out the interesting sides of it.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By John Edgar Coover. Stanford University Press; \$4.

The issues of "psychical research" have been treated in such a dilettante fashion that the mere size of Mr. Coover's work—with its more than 600 quarto pages crowded with curves, tables, and calculations—will correct the baneful impression that the layman may safely enter where the expert treads most cautiously. The central issue is "telepathy"; for with that hypothesis relegated to the limbo of myth, all the elaborate beliefs including it and transcending it crumble in a superstitious heap. An ample endowment has enabled Mr. Coover to devote three years at Stanford University to a truly scientific research—patient, minute, discerning, critical yet sympathetic. The net issue is negative. There is no "telepathy." The actual success found in the attempt to transfer the simplest ideas tallies with the estimates ascribable to chance. Nor does the utterly futile hypothesis that some gifted spirits have a power denied to better balanced mortals fare any better. So far as they submit themselves to the same conditions (which many refuse) they prove as negative as less presumptuous mortals. The apparent evidence for the belief is complex. Subconscious hints, faint suggestions, fallacies of memory, intentional, hysterical, and unintentional deception, and particularly the similar functioning of similar minds account for the excess of success above failure, when chance should make them alike. For this reason Mr. Coover has made a special study of these habits, and an illuminating one. Teachers do not grade students, judges do not sentence culprits, astronomers do not estimate transits of stars, people do not report their ages according to the neutral fact, but color them by number-habits. In brief, we have all become expert in reading between the lines of faces and intentions, of words and gestures, of miens and expressions. Through this tendency, aided by coincidence, and strengthened by the misleading interest in successes and the ignoring of dull failures, as well as by the persistent primitive habit to interpret all things from stars to omens as personally significant, the popular mind has built up a system of interpretation which it insists is real; by such insistence and the support it finds in trained minds subject to the same inclinations, it has com-

elled psychologists to consider the problem in the terms of popular interest. The verdict is now available; it always has been for those with a logical perspective of the meaning of proof. But it is now available in monumental form. If you really wish to establish "telepathy," Mr. Coover will show you what it means, in the way of patient research, to take even the first steps in such a demonstration. To oppose to such evidence a few casual and striking and obscure incidents that appeal to personal interest has always been an unwarranted procedure; it is doubly so now. To suppose that the popular mind will now refrain from rash credulity, or that those who speculate to their own advantage upon this pleasant trait will find their occupation gone, is an optimistic psychological conclusion. Mr. Coover's volume is rather a heavy weapon to brandish, but its existence is a protection of sanity.

RIGHT AND WRONG AFTER THE WAR. By Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.

Statesmanlike priests have always realized that the Church cannot lead merely by moving heavenward and calling upon all men to follow after it. Spiritual leadership consists rather in leaping to the head of an idealistic procession that is already on its way somewhere, and convincing its members that what they really mean and what they are really after is identical with your own message. In these days of the waning Church, when religion in the hands of Billy Sunday has become a spiritual burlesque show, and in the hands of the average minister a mere bundle of pedestrian moralism and cheap consolations, it requires a good deal of a sprint for the religious mind to get to the head of any vitally moving line. The stalwart Mr. Bell however has succeeded in doing that very thing. He pushes theology, even the "new" theology, out of the way, and says bluntly that the Church must preach Jesus "in the terms of the new day (the collectivist regime, he means) or else perish as a moral influence from the earth." He outdistances even the Christian Socialists, the Peabodys and the Rauschenbusches, and begins flatly with "problems connected with the hunger and the sex urge." What would his spiritual forefathers say to this recognition of the needs of the natural man, to this tacit claim that it is the task of the Church so to influence society that these needs shall be satisfied? This diverting theologian follows up his attacks on property, on poverty, even on alms-giving of any sort, with a demand that the Church support feminism, sex instruction, and even, qualifiedly, contraception! The Church, he says, must envisage the community primarily as a nurturing-place for children. It must aid and not compete with other social movements. In other words, the Church, to save its soul, must pretty well lose it to those groups that have a broader vision than itself.

Mr. Bell's tone is as bold as if he were speaking for a majority of the Church. He sounds like a modern St. Thomas Aquinas. In his delving into life and attempting to apply religion to the actual facts, there is much the same attitude. He suggests the medieval theologian, too, in his summing up of each brief discussion with a stark *Thesis*, in italics, that no one can fail to understand. His Right after the War is to be a straight proletarian socialism. His wrong will be almost everything that the rich and respectable classes who support the Church now consider economically necessary and intellectually established by the tested experience of centuries.

THE DESTINIES OF THE STARS. By Svante Arrhenius. Putnam; \$1.50.

The destinies of the stars may be considered by many to be a subject far beyond the finite grasp of the mind; yet since it is the problem of cosmic evolution, it must of necessity attract our attention. Not many decades ago John Fiske familiarized the public mind with the philosophical interpretation of the problem. Many essays have been written on the subject, but none with the profoundness of thought and literary ability of Svante Arrhenius, Sweden's greatest physical scientist and philosopher, and Nobel prize winner in chemistry in the year 1903. His latest book (published in 1915, but only recently translated, because of the condition in Europe) is a welcome contribution to the list treating the philosophical aspect of astronomy.

The book is written in a style easily comprehended by the average intelligent layman. The opening chapter deals with the awakening of primitive man's mind to a sense of its relationship to the universe (Origin of Star Worship). The practical value of this awakening was soon demonstrated in the working-out of means of measuring time, seasons, and space. This first chapter gives the historical background without which no treatise, however well written, can be properly balanced. In the second chapter Dr. Arrhenius has taken up one of the largest problems in astronomy today; namely, the origin and nature of the Milky Way ("Winty Way" in Sweden). From the time of the early Greeks to the present it has taxed the powers of astronomers. This chapter, since it discusses practically all the vital problems of modern astronomy, is the most interesting to the astronomer. There are included cosmological problems from the time of Anaxagoras to that of Kant, and from the time of Herschel to the present; Kapteyn's star drifts; Pickering's statistics of zones; Campbell's and Moore's contributions to the study of planetary nebulae; and the work of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory. Chapter III treats of the climatic importance of water vapor and its employment as a geological force in the evolution of the earth's surface.

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face. Chapter IV applies the facts of geology thus gained to the stellar system. Its theme, in other words, is the atmosphere and physics of the stellar bodies. The conditions of the various planets and satellites are also discussed, as well as the after effect of separation from the original nebulous condition. The author is a master in this field because of his knowledge of physical chemistry.

The planet Mars has always held both the scientific and the popular interest. No planet nor celestial object arouses more human interest. This is due of course to the supposed existence there of conditions suitable for the maintenance of life. Arrhenius discusses the arguments for and against that supposition in the light of all the latest available scientific knowledge upon the subject. His conclusions are based upon the facts and principles established by the observations of both camps and investigated with thoroughness by himself, and his final word is that we must revise in their entirety our ideas about Mars. The belief that there exist color of vegetation, seas, canals, and organic life, "must nowadays take its place in the shadowy realm of dreams." The last chapter of the book is devoted to a study of the physical conditions of the two inner planets, Mercury and Venus (between the sun and the earth), and the Moon. Naturally the final stage of the cosmic process is included also.

So brief a survey cannot convey the vastness or the completeness of the evolutionary principles involved. No book however has brought this topic of cosmic order, from "birth to death," so completely within the grasp of the intelligent layman. One who seeks to know the results of the labors of astronomers, historically and philosophically, can find no better treatise.

A REPORTER AT ARMAGEDDON. By Will Irwin. Appleton; \$1.50.

In the midst of the mad medley of books which insist upon explaining just how the war must be won, and where it must be won, and how victory must be lassoed and tethered and broken to the harness of a new era, it is rather a welcome respite to turn to a volume which looks at the war solely through a quick pair of eyes—particularly when the eyes are divided by a nose for news. The nose for news is sometimes put out of joint, at the front—to judge by the product of some of the correspondents—but Will Irwin appears to have kept a saneness of vision.

This reporter at Armageddon drops across the Atlantic to Spain, then into France, thence to Switzerland and Italy. Mr. Irwin contrives to crowd his narrative with much interesting detail, without appearing to strive for needless emotional effects. He understands the value of a plain, unrhetorical recital of events and incidents which are quite sufficiently charged with feeling in themselves. The things of

which he tells have no need to be—in the Arnold Bennett phrase—"splashed all over with trowelful of slabby and mortarish" fine writing.

The book is, naturally, of no value as a contribution to the literature of war. Journalism can hardly aspire to that elevation. But it is highly readable and alive with impressions, and now and then touched with apt phrasing, as when he speaks of the tendency of all the capitals of western Europe—with the exception of Madrid—to be a bit standardized. "No sooner does a fashion start in Paris," he writes, "than it is copied somberly in London, strenuously in Berlin—where the specialty is being gay with your teeth clenched—merrily in Vienna, and decorously in Stockholm."

THE AMATEUR VAGABOND. By John and Robert Mätter. Doran; \$1.50.

On the face of this record, it is quite possible to circumvent the globe and remain immune to practically everything but conversation. Nearly all the impressions received by the protagonist are received through aural channels and transmitted to the printed page under a guard of quotation marks. The young college man wants to "get away from it all," to "stand square" on his own feet, and "come to grips with the world." Even worse than that, he wants to "see all kinds and conditions of people and to live and work and talk to them on their own plane and to try to understand them." You have already guessed that he wants to "find himself."

So he crosses to England on a cattle boat, and there flips a coin to determine whether he will go to China or to Australia. Australia wins. As for London, "the days and nights were like sections of a moving picture; he felt himself an observer, looking upon life as upon a film, experiencing nothing which touched him closely, thinking all the while that what he saw was not in reality happening before his eyes." As for journey to Australia:

The ship passed Gibraltar, touched at Algiers, and headed across the Mediterranean for Genoa. There a hundred Italian, Austrian, and Spanish emigrants came aboard. Jack endeavored to count the number of children that accompanied them, but the youngsters moved about so spryly he was forced to abandon his tally before he reached the total of seventy-five.

Here is the sort of traveler, you will observe, who stands more in need of an adding machine than of eyes. From Australia we trail the vagabond to Vancouver and thence home in a reminiscent mood. (See Epilogue, page 339.) "I have been wondering what

I haven't everything clearly thought out yet, but I shall have some day. I know this much right now. I am a different boy from the one who left this room last January. I have obtained what I went after. I have become acquainted with myself and I know that I have changed. Yes, for the better.

With some books, quotation is the kindest criticism the trip taught me," he says, voicing a wonder which the reader heartily shares.

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OUR ADMIRABLE BETTY. By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown; \$1.60.

The historical romance is by no means dead. Mr. Farnol still finds the eighteenth century a very profitable field. Only he takes it less seriously than did his forerunners of a dozen years ago, and makes the romance the thing, and not the history. When one has a command of the pseudo-archaic English of that olden time, and can sprinkle one's pages with "B'gad!" and "Od's body" and "Demme," and can create impossibly ravishing gentlemen in ruffles and silk-skirted coats of velvet, in worked satin and brocade, with the glossy curls of huge periwigs, there is no reason why one should not write an amusing story merely by exposing a divine young creature to the gallant pursuit of a company of these ravishing gentlemen. It is all the more interesting if one lets one's beautiful Betty lose her heart to a shabby wounded Major of forty-one who has retired to a bachelor life in his manor house, there to write his *History of Fortification* in ten volumes. Ripe cherries and a boundary wall furnish the piquant beginning of the adventure, and the rival lovers give the Major some stirring times. Romance unabashed and extravagant stalks through Mr. Farnol's pages. And although the book is so very much of the made-to-order kind, it has the verve and charm of the best samples of that commodity. Once you give yourself over to romance you could do far worse than surrender to *Our Admirable Betty*.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.50.

Mr. Webster is no dabbler in the art of fiction, and here he has acquitted himself with undeniable skill. Dealing with the substance of mid-Western industrial life—the clash of antagonistic classes and of antagonistic ideals—he has given us a thoroughly waked-up novel, a novel which is Wellsian in the zest with which it tackles sociological problems. And like several of Mr. Wells' heroes, his central character attains the wrong marriage first, and sub-

sequently makes the splinters fly in the process of extrication. These intellectual protagonists somehow are seldom gifted with the knack of falling into ultimate love at first sight; they have to be schooled in love. The "family" of Mr. Webster's novel is a Chicago product of wealth—a three-generation assortment with a tradition, and with its narrowness neither too emphasized nor too darkly painted. One son of the third generation fails to fit into the family scheme and epitomizes his revolt by falling in love with an anarchist's daughter—a fiery, passionate agitator who spreads disorganization into the family factory and dismay to the family hearth. Their marriage is a failure from the start and drifts from indifference to tragedy. The author has let himself in for some violent effects toward the climax of his story, but the sincerity of their telling clean them of sensationalism. Meanwhile he shows a fine sense of character, and the conflicts of his narrative are illuminated with incisive sympathy. There is nothing casual about his handling of industry, despite a somewhat journalistic incorporation of materials which are so recent as almost to be newsy.

LOVE ETERNAL. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green; \$1.50.

When a man has written forty-four novels, his vein may be pardoned for running a little thin. But one would scarcely expect from H. Rider Haggard so very bad a story as *Love Eternal*. His object is evidently to bring comfort and consolation of a spiritual nature to his unimaginative readers afflicted by the war. But in this enterprise he is forced to introduce an absurd "spiritualism" and a most unconvincing sacrifice of love. Godfrey, the young hero, falls into the hands of a medium in Switzerland, where he has been sent to school by his hard-hearted clergyman father. The good pastor with whom he is studying releases him dramatically from her wiles and exorcises the devils that lust around her. Made independent by the bequest of another spiritualist lady who has taken a fancy to him, Godfrey returns home to England, only to be torn from his love Isobel by the connivance of his father and hers, the selfish baronet. So they vow never to see each other till both the fathers are dead. Godfrey goes to war, is wounded, and gets his Isobel at last! She had known from the first that "theirs was the Love Eternal." But he is sent away to Africa, takes fever, is visited by his now dead Isobel, and soon joins her "in the Land of that Love Eternal which the soul of Isobel foreknew." The medium pursues him with prophecies through life, and a ghastly white spirit girl named Eleanor annoys him too. They furnish not only the desirable thrills, but apparently also the desirable evidence of the existence of another life. Those who enjoy the style of the author of *The Rosary* will find Mr. Haggard's latest work congenial.

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BONI & LIVERIGHT, Publishers, 105½ W. 40th St., New York City

THE COMFORTS OF HOME. By Ralph Bergengren. Atlantic Monthly Press; 75 cts.

Like the stories of W. W. Jacobs or the verse of James Stephens, this slender volume will vouchsafe its richest yield if it be read aloud. For the best reaction it ought to be perused indoors, the ideal audience being that to which one is married. However, those who have not arrived at or who have exceeded that state will find ample to enjoy in the little sheaf of household divertissements. There are more than half a dozen of them—all in the same mood and manner—and they fall comfortably within the time limits of one sitting. Several of them are reprinted from the Contributors' Club of the Atlantic Monthly.

The *Comforts of Home* is by a man, but he has not restricted himself to the masculine domain. For after an amusing dip into the exigencies of moving and getting settled, he passes on to consider the furnace—"the monster on the floor of the cellar, impassive as Buddha, and apparently holding up the house with as many arms as an octopus"—and he does not disdain to react to attics, and kitchens, and bathrooms, and guest chambers, and open fires. All these sketches are marked with happy turns of phrasing, with a style that is informal and personal, and with undeviating lightness. At no time pretentious, they frequently display a welcome and incisive wit. Only in dealing with plumbers does the author reveal a flagging inspiration. But plumbers are hardly the stuff to evoke any muse.

THE SHADOW-EATER. By Benjamin De Casseres. Wilmarth Publishing Co. (1917).

In a recent issue of THE DIAL Mr. Aiken defined the functions of romanticism and of realism as, on the one hand, "to delight with beauty" and, on the other, "to amaze with understanding." The latter felicity is less to be expected of those whose primary concern is with the blind forces of emotion rather than with the lucidities of the intellect. And yet the poet who cares only for beauty betrays it by a limited vision, while the realist who ignores it is no more amazing than are certain successes of instinctive behavior. Nietzsche's most terrible analyses are scarcely softened by his power over the German language. Yeats' fluent music is most commanding when he catches truth in his net of images. Indeed the poet's faculty for revealing the universe would seem to be in inverse ratio to his desire to embrace it. The light of ages is likely to vanish under bushels of metaphysics.

These convictions are strengthened by the sighings and shriekings of such a Neo-Nietzschean as Benjamin De Casseres. Not that he yearns for loneliness. He seems to take a morbid joy in the leering of lean and filthy specters. Far from seeing the

world in a grain of sand, he readily reduces it to a pebble in his shoe. He appears to be on more intimate terms with pain than with poetry, and his attempt to relieve his agonies by screaming in uppercase letters is more to be pitied than encouraged. Not his despair in the face of a universe which he views as a slaughter-house hidden in a rose-bower but the stupidity of his revolt against stupidity is condemned. His book is "not poetry in the proper sense of the word . . . it is a bit of spiritual autobiography." It is really an epitome of the helpless wrath of the adolescent for the first time aware of the malignancy of life. Mr. De Casseres is the little-boy-who-can't-get-over-it. One wonders if he could find release in the free man's worship so splendidly declared by Bertrand Russell, or whether the only salvation that remains for him is the annihilation he wretchedly contemplates.

Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

Applied Eugenics. By Paul Popenoe and Roswell Hill Johnson. Illustrated, 12mo, 459 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.10.

Six Red Months in Russia. By Louise Bryant. Illustrated, 12mo, 299 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2.

The Life of Lamartine. By H. Remsen Whittemore. Illustrated, 8vo, 990 pages. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$10.

Madame Roland: A Study in Revolution. By Mrs. Pope-Hennessy. 8vo, 552 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5.

Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. Frontispiece, 12mo, 332 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

Religio Grammatici: The Religion of a Max of Letters. By Gilbert Murray. 12mo, 49 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.

Architecture and Democracy. By Claude Bragdon. Illustrated, 8vo, 200 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Contemporary Composers. By Daniel Gregory Mason. Illustrated, 12mo, 290 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.

The Tree of Life. Verse. By John Gould Fletcher. 12mo, 126 pages. Chatto & Windus (London). 5s.

The Spinners. A novel. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, 479 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.60.

Richard Baldock. A novel. By Archibald Marshall. 12mo, 415 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Can Such Things Be? Tales. By Ambrose Bierce. 12mo, 427 pages. Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.



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Current News

Walking Shadows, a collection of short stories by Alfred Noyes, is to be published in this country shortly by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Booth Tarkington's collected works are to be issued in a twelve volume autograph edition by Doubleday, Page and Co.

The publication of a volume of war verses by Rudyard Kipling, promised for this autumn by Doubleday, Page and Co., has been deferred on account of delay in receiving the copy.

The Waste Basket, a magazine established last year for the publication of "rejected" manuscript, has announced that it will suspend issue for the period of the war.

All of Richard Aldington's poems since *Images—Old and New* are being gathered together and prepared for publication this month by the Four Seas Co. under the title of *Love and War*.

Laurence La Tourette Driggs has combined a history of the American Lafayette Escadrille with stories of Allied aviators in his *Heroes of Aviation*, soon to be published by Little, Brown and Co.

Dr. Adrian, the fourth and last volume in the series of novels *The Books of Small Souls*, by Louis Couperus, is promised by Dodd, Mead and Co. for the coming week. The translation from the Dutch is by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Patriotic Drama in Your Town, a handbook for community pageants and theaters, by Constance Mackay, is ready for immediate issue by Henry Holt and Co. The Little Theater in the United States, by Miss Mackay, appeared in *THE DIAL* for February 28, 1918.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announce: The Development of the United States from Colonies to a World Power, by Max Farrand; Formative Types in English Poetry, by George Herbert Palmer; and Songs of Men, a book of verse compiled by Robert Frothingham.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have forthcoming another volume in the series on Philadelphia and its environs, by John T. Faris, under the title *The Romance of Old Philadelphia*. Mr. Faris' *Old Roads Out of Philadelphia* was reviewed in *THE DIAL* for November 22, 1917.

Arnold Bennett's *Self and Self Management* is announced for early publication in this country under the Doran imprint. Other Doran announcements are: *The Laughing Willow*, by Oliver Herford; *Samurai Trails*, by Lucian Swift Kirtland; *The Worlds and I*, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; and *A Vision of Victory*, by Carl Ackerman.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, has written the introduction to *American Problems of Reconstruction*, a symposium on the economic, financial, and industrial problems of the after-war period. The volume, which is edited by Elisha M. Friedman of the Council of National Defense, is ready for immediate issue by E. P. Dutton and Co.

Four dramas which have been produced by the Washington Square and other players are to be published this winter by Egmont H. Arens in the Flying Stag series. They will appear, one each month, from November to February as follows: *The Rope*, by Eugene O'Neill; *The Poor Fool*, by Hermann Bahr; *La Cigale*, by Lyman Bryson; and *Uneasy Street*, by Alfred Kreymborg.

The Yale University Press has undertaken the publication of a series of fifty volumes of historical narrative under the general title *The Chronicles of America*. The preparation of the series is under the direction of Dr. Allen Johnson, Larned Professor of American History in Yale University. Ten volumes are now ready: *Elizabethan Sea-Dog*, by William Wood; *Crusaders of New France*, by William Bennett Munro; *Pioneers of the Old South*, by Mary Johnson; *the Conquest of New France*, by George M. Wrong; *The Eve of the Revolution*, by Carl Becker; *Washington and his Colleagues*, by Henry Jones Ford; *The Forty-Niners*, by Stewart Edward White; *The Passing of the Frontier*, by Emerson Hough; *Abraham Lincoln and the Union*, by Nathaniel W. Stephenson; and *The American Spirit in Literature*, by Bliss Perry.

Contributors

Professor Dewey's article in this number is the first of a series of papers about the League of Nations.

Mr. Tead's article in this issue forms part of a chapter in a book entitled *The People's Part in Peace*, which Henry Holt and Co. are publishing sometime during the current month. A new volume by Mr. Tead, called *Instincts in Industry*, has just been published by Houghton Mifflin Co. In addition to having written many articles on the problems of labor and organization in industry, Mr. Tead has had much practical contact with and experience in the world of factory and business. He cooperated with the late Robert Valentine in his work, and assisted in the administration of the Minimum Wage Commission of Massachusetts.

Walter Pach, painter and etcher, was one of the founders of the Society of Independent Artists, and helped to organize the International Exhibition of 1913. Mr. Pach has lectured widely on art subjects and has contributed to a number of American magazines and to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.

Alice Corbin is an Associate Editor of the magazine *Poetry*. *The New Poetry: An Anthology*, edited by her in collaboration with Harriet Monroe, was reviewed by Conrad Aiken in *THE DIAL* for May 3, 1917.

Scudder Middleton is the author of *Streets and Faces*, a volume of verse published by The Little Book Publisher in 1917.

The other contributors to this number have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

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